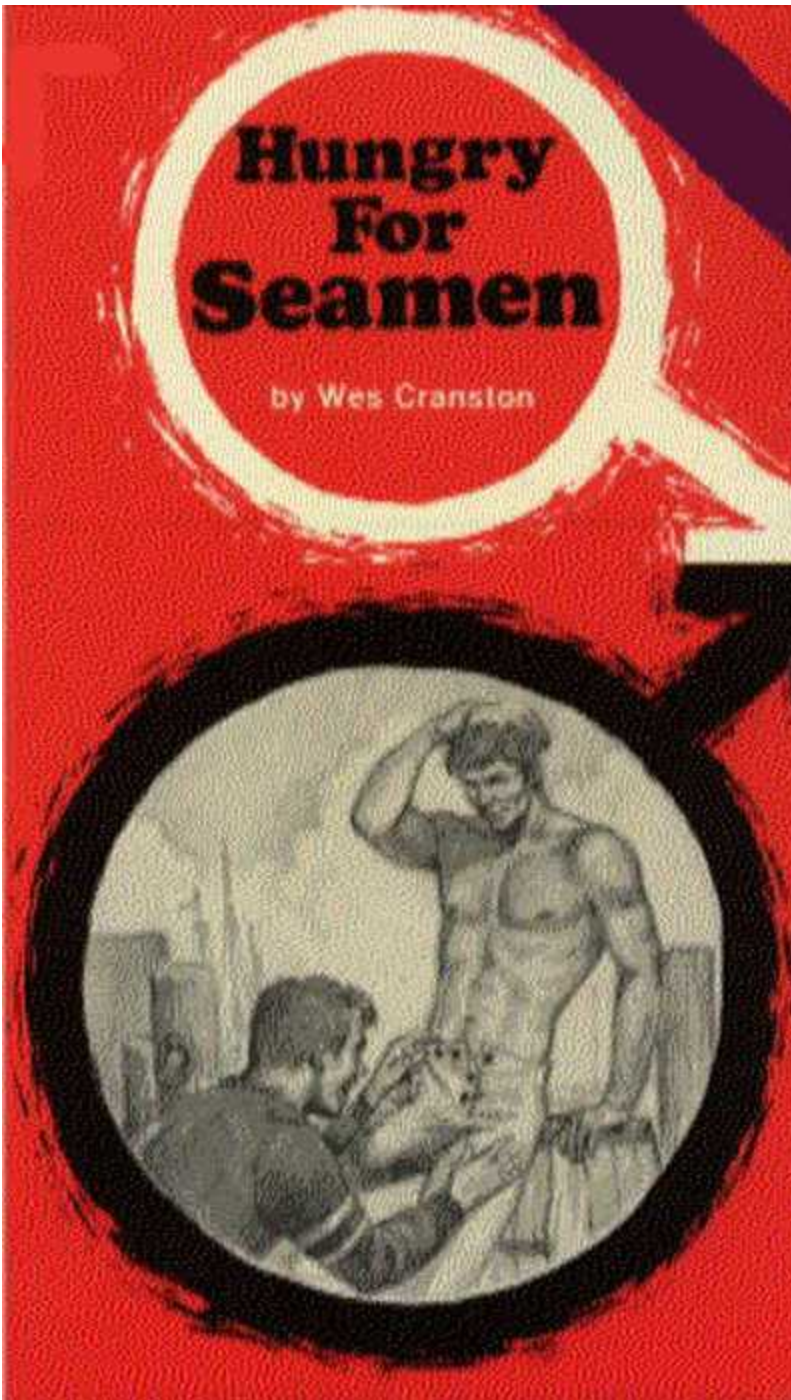


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AC-300 HUNGRY FOR SEAMEN by Wes Cranston

FOREWORD

The onset of puberty invariably brings with it the dawning awareness of sexuality, of a child's inherent masculinity, and the struggle to put that

sexuality into proper perspective.

For some, the transition occurs with relative ease. For others the change is marked by tension and anxiety, and a growing awareness that their world is changing much faster than they would like.

For the man in this book the initiation into the world of sexuality is full of frustration and fear. Eager to explore the bounds of his sexuality, he becomes a victim of many uncaring people, until, finally, he finds a man who really loves him.

HUNGRY FOR SEAMEN -- the story of a young man's struggle to wake his own very personal transition into adulthood. His story is a reminder of the pitfalls standing in the way of those growing up. It is a lesson for society.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Of course it was dangerous. A person could get killed.

That didn't stop Walter Osborne from cruising the Embarcadero Pub, a sleazy bar on the San Francisco waterfront pier, south of the Ferry building that catered to merchant seamen, longshoremen and, on this particular weekend, the crews of some U.S. Navy ships.

Walt was nineteen, but he had an ID that said twenty-three. Ever since he'd read in the newspaper about the return of some ships to Baghdad-by-the-Bay, Walt had been horny, just thinking about all those young sailors with their balls full of cum.

He would forego working on his studies this weekend. He would rewrite another paper for lit class. It was spring, and a young man's fancy turned to... well, in this case, seafood.

The bar was a toilet. It smelled of stale beer and stale piss. But it also smelled of the salty sailors seated at the bar.

On Walt's third trip to the pisser, he stood at the trough. He rationed his piss flow while he watched a sailor unbutton those thirteen buttons on his bell-bottom trousers.

"Beer runs right through me. I might as well just dump the suds in the head and save my kidneys the work," the sailor said.

Walt glanced at the sailor's face. He was a black, curly haired stud with blue-green eyes. "I know what you mean," Walt said. He brazenly watched the young sailor's big prick splash piss onto the porcelain trough.

The sailor buttoned up his fly and left. A living fucking doll, Walt thought. But he had let the guy get away without even offering to buy him a beer.

Back at the bar, Walt located the young sailor in the reflection of the mirror. He was with his buddies, talking loud and laughing.

Walt drank another beer.

This was too frustrating. The sailors were all in clusters and he could never get one alone by himself.

He was tired of studying and working in the library at school. He was tired of jerking off at night. He was tired of Castro clones who looked alike, talked alike and just wanted quickie impersonal fucks or sucks.

The great adventure, to find a real man, a hunky sailor like the curly headed and hung stud in the pissar, wasn't meant to be.

Walt decided to split. He walked outside. Four sailors were piling into a cab. The kid he had seen in the john stayed behind.

"Going back to the ship?" Walt said.

"Yeah, got a twelve to eight port watch." "It's only ten o'clock."

"Yeah. My buddies are going out to Broadway to cruise chicks."

Walt decided not to pussyfoot around. "I'll suck your cock."

The sailor looked at him and grinned. "You don't look like a faggot."

"Just because I don't get in drag doesn't mean I can't give good head."

The sailor laughed, but he didn't walk away. Walt wanted this kid so bad he could taste it. Maybe a few bucks would cinch the deal. "Ten bucks for a blowjob, huh?"

"I'd like to, but I'm broke."

Walt had meant to pay the swabby, because he had heard somewhere that some straight guys went for money. He wasn't in a position to pay for sex, but this was an exception. But the sailor had misunderstood the proposition.

The sailor started to walk away. "Some other time."

"Hey, I give credit. Naw, I was only teasing. I meant to pay you."

"I don't need money. I've got money stashed in my locker aboard ship. I didn't bring more because I didn't want to get rolled in a bar like I did in Long Beach."

"Man, you're good looking. I'd die happy if I could cop your joint."

The sailor peered at the college student. "Where?"

"All right!" Walt said. "I passed an abandoned pier on the way. There's a torn fence. We could go there."

The sailor silently agreed, following Walt. "What do you do aboard ship?"

"Smoke grass."

"I mean, work detail."

"I'm a fireman in the engine room on the Interdict, a radar picket ship."

"You've got the hose for it."

The sailor smiled. "Besides sucking cock, what's your racket?"

"I'm a college student."

"Man, I was so bad in school that I got expelled. Joined the Navy to see the world -- mostly through a port hole."

"What's your name?" "Larson."

"I'm Walter Osborne." The sailor shook hands. "Arthur."

Walt stepped through the hole in the fence and hunky Arthur quietly followed along.

Out on the rickety old pier, in the foggy night, with the ghostly Bay Bridge nearby, Walt groped his stud.

Arthur moaned. "Oh, man, I'm so fucking horny."

Walt unbuttoned the swabby's fly.

Arthur's prick reeled out and stiffened.

Walt knelt on the pier and put his lips around the hard cock.

"Yeah, man. That's it. Suck my prick." Arthur rubbed Walt's head while the college student blew his cock.

Walt liked the salty taste of the young sailor's cock. He sucked greedily while his own prick strained inside his Levi's.

"So Goddamn good, cocksucker. Shit, man, I can't stop. Fuck, I'm going to blast already."

Walt could have sucked this hunk all night in the silver fog. He could taste the salty pre-cum as the prick fucked hard into his mouth. Suddenly Arthur's cock was steely hard.

Arthur groaned and the hot cum spewed out of his prick, spraying Walt's mouth.

Walt swallowed quickly, determined not to waste a drop of the bittersweet load.

"Stand up," Arthur said.

Walt wasn't sure what to expect. Maybe the stud was one of those psychos who liked to bust a queer in the chops after getting off.

Walt was more than a little surprised when Arthur unbuttoned the student's fly and freed his raging prick.

Arthur gobbled the student's prick. He sucked too fast and bit too hard, inexperienced cocksucker that he was.

Walt looked down at the handsome swabby wearing the white hat. The sailor gripped Walt's prick by the base and sucked on the head of Walt's hard cock.

"Umm. That's better. Keep those lips curled over your teeth. Yeah, that's it. Suck me, sailor. Get me off."

Arthur increased the pressure and slowed the tempo without biting.

Just as the cum churned in his balls and gushed out of Walt's piss slit there was the blast of a ship's foghorn that startled both of them.

Arthur gagged and let go of Walt's stiff prick which shot gobs of cum all over his face and hair.

"Oh, Jesus Christ. Son of a bitch." Arthur wiped the student's cum off his face. "I can't go back aboard ship with this fuck goo all over me."

Walt bit his lip to keep from laughing, thinking of how the sailor could explain that someone had thrown a fuck in his face and missed.

"I've never done this before, sex with a dude." Arthur smiled shyly.

Walt pulled a bandanna out of his pocket and gave it to the sailor to clean up with.

Arthur mopped his face. He didn't return the scum rag. Instead he tucked it inside his jumper.

"Hey, man, I've got to get back to the ship," Arthur said.

"I'm sorry about the mess," Walt said.

"Fucking foghorn scared the shit out of me. Scared the cum out of you, though."

Walt smiled. Arthur was a novice cocksucker, but he could now laugh at what happened.

"I'll be off tomorrow. How about getting a bottle of wine and going to a movie?" Arthur suggested.

Walt looked at the handsome swabby with the cum-stained face. The dude was serious.

Walt never made dates, because guys never showed up. Maybe the sailor would...

"Won't you want to crash after your night watch?"

"Hell, no. I'm eighteen not eighty. I'll grab a shower, smoke a joint, and be good as new."

Eighteen, but he looked older. Chicken of the sea. Barracuda not tuna, from the way, the sailor had bit Walt's cock. In a toilet, like that bar they didn't ask for IDs.

"The Greyhound depot on Seventh Street," Walt said. "I'll meet you there, say, ten o'clock. There are lots of movie theaters on Market Street."

"That's cool."

Walt followed the sailor off the pier to the street. "Later, dude."

Walt wasn't sure whether the sailor would show up at the bus depot in the morning or not. But the guy kept the hanky filled with cum. That had to be a good omen.

Walt walked along the Embarcadero. He glanced back at the masts of the ships which were lit up like Christmas trees, visible despite the cloak of fog.

He walked up Market Street past the metric, which was rife with hustlers.

He took the trolley out to his room near the State University campus.

He hurried to his room in the terra cotta house on Holloway Avenue which he shared with three other students and the old lady who owned it.

Walt locked the door to his room. He lay down on the bed and pulled out his prick. He had been so hot from the suck session with Arthur Larson that he had wanted to beat off on the trolley.

In the comfort and privacy of his room, Walt jacked his cock. He thought of Arthur and those hot thick lips which had been wrapped around his white cock.

If wine and a morning movie was what Arthur wanted, that was okay. He would bring Arthur home with him afterwards and they could really get it on.

Walt beat his meat faster. He thought about the tall, hunky swabby who could have clobbered him after letting a queer suck him off. Instead, Arthur actually was a reciprocal piece of sailor trade who had decided to kiss a cock himself.

Walt fell asleep without coming. And he dreamed of the handsome sailor.

He awoke during the night, when he shot off during a wet dream about sixty-nining with Arthur.

In the morning Walt was convinced that the sailor had been drinking and did what he had done while his mind was in a haze. He probably wouldn't even remember the rendezvous. Walt dragged his ass out of the sack. He could sleep later on Saturday morning. He could not leave that lit paper until Sunday night.

No way.

He had to know if Arthur would show up. He was leaking pre-cum just thinking about the swabby.

Walt took a shower and got dressed. He headed downtown for the bus depot.

CHAPTER TWO

Walt got a cup of hot coffee from the snack bar at the bus depot, and he waited for the sailor. By ten-fifteen he figured that the sailor was a no-show.

He watched the people milling around, standing in the ticket line, checking stuff in lockers. He could go upstairs and check out the john for any action.

At ten-thirty Walt decided to split. Outside there he was, the teenage swabby.

"Sorry I'm a bit late," Arthur smiled.

"Do you really want to go to an early bird movie?" Walt asked.

"Damn straight." Arthur fished a couple bills out of his jumper pocket.

"Get us same T-bird since you've got an ID, didn't you say?"

Walt winced. Morning movie and cheap wine. Jeez. But when he looked at the cute sailor he knew he'd go along with the program.

Inside a sleazy Market Street theater, they sat against the left wall down toward the front. There was no one else around. The movie on the screen was blurry, some shit kicker western.

Walt wanted to ball. Instead he passed the jug of wine to Arthur the sailor.

Walt was mostly a beer drinker. After a cow pie nips of the wine, he thought the top of his head would fly off. He looked over at Arthur who was slouched down in the seat and snoring.

Just as well. Walt wasn't interested in the movie or the wine. But he was interested in the crotch of the sailor. Walt massaged the swabby's basket, and he felt the cock stiffen.

Arthur breathed evenly as though he was snoozing. So Walt unbuttoned the uniform's fly. He leaned over and went down on the throbbing cock. The prick seemed thicker because the sailor was sitting down.

Walt grabbed the pulsing prick by the base and held the cock while he licked the rosy cockhead and darted his tongue into the piss slit.

Arthur was awake now. "Oh yeah, man," he whispered, "that feels good.

Suck my cock. Keep sucking. Ohhhh, yeah!"

Walt got down on his knees on the sticky floor between the sailor's thighs. He reached inside the swabby's skivvies and cupped the big balls while he sucked the prick which protruded from the slit in the white boxer shorts.

Arthur rubbed the student's hair and clasped his head while he thrust forward and mouth fucked Walt.

Arthur's cock became rock hard and Walt could taste the slimy pre-cum, then the thick salty cream that gushed into his mouth. Walt swallowed several times to make sure he got the whole load.

Arthur fell asleep after he got his rocks off, and his cock stayed hard.

Walt climbed back into his seat and looked around. But no one had noticed or cared what they had done.

Walt just had to beat his meat, he was so hot after sucking off the sleepy sailor who had had the all-night watch. He savored the taste of the salty cum in his mouth.

Walt took out his prick. As he jacked on the sailor's cock with his left hand, Walt fisted his own prick. It took only a few strokes before the cum squirted violently out of his cock.

Walt reached over and rubbed his cum onto the sailor's now-flaccid cock.

He put Arthur's prick back inside the skivvies and buttoned a couple of buttons on the uniform crotch flap. Walt's fingers were still sticky, so he

licked them.

Walt located the jug on the floor and took another swig. He closed his eyes.

Sometime later, he felt someone shake him. He opened his eyes.

"Arthur?"

"Yeah, buddy, let's get out of this hole. I went and got some popcorn while you were sleeping. A rat jumped up and took some out of the bag."

The afternoon sun nearly blinded Walt when he walked outside. He still had a buzz on from the wine.

"Where to?" Walt asked.

"You live here. This is my first time in Frisco. I'd like to ride the cable cars."

"The system's been shut down for repairs for two years."

"Shit, that figures. How about Fisherman's Wharf?"

"You just get crabs there," Walt said.

Arthur itched. "I can get that aboard ship. How about Chinatown? We could get a bite to eat."

"Yuk! I don't like fried lice. Hey, let's take a walk. That's the only way to see this city."

They hoofed it down Grant Avenue, the main street of Chinatown, pausing to look at the carved jade and ivory figurines in the shops. They even ate some chow mein and fried rice in a small cafe.

Out along Broadway they walked by the flesh joints which catered to tourists.

They walked back downtown through the Stockton Street tunnel. They stopped in Union Square and looked at the winged victory statue commemorating Commodore Dewey's victory in the Philippines.

Union Square was humming with activity. Old folks sitting in the sun.

Religious fanatics raving about the end of the world. Tourists taking a break. Winos and Mexican illegals resting on the grass. Panhandlers.

The fog rolled in and cooled the city off, covering it with silver mist.

Since Arthur had another port watch, Walt decided it was time for the stud to get a little rest. Not aboard ship, but at Walt's.

On the trolley ride several gay guys stared at the handsome sailor.

Arthur was such a novice, having sucked only one cock that he didn't know when he was being cruised.

Once inside Walt's room they embraced. Arthur stuck his tongue inside Walt's mouth. Two hard cocks poked against each other.

Walt watched the sailor -- his first seafood -- undress.

Arthur hung his white hat on the back, of the chair. He undid the uniform tie. He took off the jumper with its two red stripes that meant he was a fireman. There was a sleeve patch that said U.S.S. INTERDICT. Off came the black shoes and socks. The sailor unbuttoned the sexy thirteen buttons on his pants. He stripped out of the white tee shirt and white boxer shorts.

Arthur joined the naked student on the bed. The sailor had a hairless chest with big brown nipples. A thick black pubic bush. Soft down on his legs.

Walt had brown hair and brown eyes. Ringlets around his nipples. A patch of dark hair between the tits. A patch of hair leading from the navel to the thatch in his crotch.

Walt decided to be the aggressor since he had more experience with the joys of gay sex. He licked on Arthur's nipples until they became hard. He

tongued a trail of saliva down the chest to the navel. He licked his bellybutton. He spread the sailor's legs and ass. Walt fucked his cock in an inch at a time and waited until Arthur's shit tunnel became accustomed to the intruding prick.

"Ahhh, yeah. Fuck me, Walt. I want to be fucked. Shove that big cock all the way inside me."

Walt fucked the sailor with long, penetrating strokes. His first sailor, he thought. His first virgin stud. He remembered how he'd submitted to an older queen who had been ruthless, uncaring about how much he hurt Walt, how Walt had bled and had had to soak his ass for hours that night because of the pain.

Arthur moved his hips, humping back at the fucking prick. "Faster, Walt.

Fuck me faster."

Walt shortened his strokes. The sailor's ass was so hot, so tight. He counted in his mind to keep from coming off right away.

"Harder, Walt. Fuck me harder."

Arthur's moaning and begging for faster and harder fucking was almost too much, for Walt. He wanted to keep from dumping his load too quick. He thought about the damn lit paper that was due on Monday. But thoughts of schoolwork did occupy his mind for long.

Walt got down to some serious fucking after he felt the sailor's ass could take some heavy-duty fucking. He held on to the sailor's hard biceps, and he fucked his furiously in and out of the kid's tight fuckhole.

"Wow! Man, that's the best feeling in the world, a stiff cock stuffing my asshole," Arthur moaned.

Walt couldn't hold back any more. His balls were heavy with cum. Jizz shot out of his cock, filled the tight asshole, and leaked out of the sailor's ass.

"Ahhhh!" Arthur said. His ass muscles squeezed out the last drops of cum from the first cock that had fucked him.

Walt pulled his prick out. His cock was covered with gooey cum, ass juices and a drop of blood.

"You okay, stud?"

"Sure," Arthur said. "My ass hurts, but it hurts so fucking good."

"Now you know what it's like to get fucked."

"Yeah. But I've never fucked a dude. Oh please, Walt, let me fuck you in the ass."

"I don't do that shit, man. I don't take it in the ass. Only queers do that."

Arthur looked confused and hurt.

"But I'm queer -- and I'd love you to fuck me," Walt said with a grin.

Arthur smiled. "Prickteaser."

Walt lay on his back and spread his legs. "You can fuck me like you did your girlfriends in high school."

"I've never fucked chicks. I never wanted to. But I sure thought a lot about fucking dudes."

"The Navy is full of fruits."

"No dude ever came on to me before."

"Well, this is your first trip to Frisco. Lots of men here like seafood."

Arthur laughed. "That's what they call sailors?"

"Yup. Like the old joke that some gay guy ordered some seafood in a restaurant, so they brought him in a couple of sailors. They say its phone

number is QU81R."

Walt lubed his ass and Arthur's cockhead with the hair cream. He guided the sailor's big stiff cock up his ass.

Arthur started to fuck like a rabbit once his prick was in Walt's asshole.

Walt scissors his legs around his stud and slowed down the pace. Arthur grabbed the student's buns and squeezed them while he fucked his cock in and out.

Walt moaned. He felt the sweat drip off the sailor while Arthur fucked him. He listened to the deep breathing and the guttural sounds from the sailor getting his first piece of real ass.

"Oh God, I'm going to come!" Arthur shrieked.

Walt clamped his legs tightly around the sailor's hips. And felt gobs and gobs of hot cum blast into his guts.

Arthur leaned down and kissed the student hard on the lips and his cock threaded out of Walt's fuckhole.

"Fucking or getting fucked, I don't know which is best," Arthur laughed.

"Both are great," Walt agreed. He went down on the sailor's cock and licked off the acrid mixture of cum and ass juices.

"You got to like a guy a lot to do that, clean off his cock after he fucks you," Arthur said.

"I like you a lot," Walt smiled. "Hey, man, I got to piss like crazy."

"No problem," Walt said.

"Where's the head?"

Walt pointed to his head with his finger. "Hey, I'm serious."

"So am I. If you like a guy enough to clean off his cock, then you have to love him to drink his piss."

"You really would do that?"

"With you."

Walt opened his mouth. Arthur took aim and sprayed foamy piss in to the student's mouth.

"This is great," Arthur said. He gripped his cock and sprayed piss all over Walt's face, his chest, his crotch, his legs. "Smart ass," Walt said. "I told you I was a fireman."

"You re a golden shower queen is what you are."

"I'm sorry, I got carried away. I thought it would be fun to douse you good."

"You're lucky I don't have to piss." Arthur put his lips against the student's and kissed him gently. "After my watch tonight, we sail tomorrow."

"Will I ever see you again?"

"Our new route is down the coast for three weeks, then back to port for two."

Walt kissed his sailor goodbye and put him on the trolley. Then he tackled that lit paper.

Suddenly Melville and "Billy Budd" were much more interesting to speculate about.

CHAPTER THREE

Walt had had high hopes for Arthur. But the sailor was only a chapter in his life, as short and spectacular as a shooting star. He expected to hear from Arthur, but didn't. As the time went by, he realized the romance was over, that he would never see Arthur.

Walt busied himself with his studies. His job in the College library gained new dimensions. Used to be that Walt dragged a squeaky truck across the floor in the normally quiet library to pick up books that had to be sorted and shelved again.

Now Walt sneaked around a bit.

In the dusty stacks he observed a boy and girl necking. He watched while the boy dropped his pants and fucked his cock into the girl. He was fascinated by the stud's dimpled ass which gyrated as he fucked the girl's pussy.

After the couple left, Walt went over to the secluded spot where the hanky panky had gone on. He considered whacking off, but he had only been aroused by the stud's ass. So he pulled out his prick and took a leak on the fucking spot.

Another incident later occurred that amused Walt. He noticed an old man in a raincoat who was in the phone booth across from the women's john. At first Walt thought the fellow who looked like a bum was a philosophy professor.

From the alcove Walt picked up on the shabby man's action. The man in the dirty raincoat pretended to use the phone, but he really waited for a girl to come out of the shithouse.

When a girl walked by him he opened his raincoat and flashed her, then pulled on his prick. One broad let out a scream that attracted a lot of

attention. By the time the campus pigs arrived, the man in the raincoat was long gone. Walt laughed his ass off.

The really interesting thing in the library that Walt came across by accident occurred in the faculty men's toilet on the second floor near the faculty reading room, which was rarely used. If the professors ever studied they didn't do it there.

Walt had to take a piss, so he went into the faculty head. To his surprise he saw some students loitering. He went into a stall and let go with a spray of foamy piss. He heard a noise in the stall next to him. He watched as someone removed the tissue rack on the other side of the stall, and there was a big hole. All that Walt could see was a man sitting on the commode with a giant hard-on. The man was jacking off.

"Let me suck your cock," a raspy voice said.

Walt's cock became rock hard. He was aroused by the brazen solicitation and by the sight of the man's lips which pressed against the hole.

Walt poked his prick through the hole in the partition and into the cocksuckers mouth.

The man's hot moist mouth engulfed Walt's prick. The man's tongue rolled over Walt's cockhead. Walt pressed against the wall and the cocksucker in the next stall sucked Walt's prick, lapping at the piss slit, tonguing the cockshaft.

Walt exploded a geyser of hot cum that made the cocksucker gag and swallow several times in order to catch the load.

As soon as Walt left the glory hole, another student went into the stall.

Walt never saw what the cocksucker looked like. But he heard the slurping sounds of another cock getting sucked.

In his usually dismal job, Walt had discovered a special paradise, the faculty men's toilet at night. He spent so much time there that the old bag who was

in charge threatened to fire Walt because of the number of books that piled up on the tables in the reference room.

Walt couldn't concentrate on the Dewey Decimal System when he knew there were cocks to suck, when he knew there was a place where he could get a blowjob. He just shoved books on the shelves at random and made a beeline for that shithouse with the glory hole.

Now Walt sat on the throne and removed the tissue rack. He pressed his lips against the hole in the wall and sucked on some juicy cocks and swallowed some creamy loads.

Then Walt got a touch of the flu and have to take a couple days off from classes and his blow-jobs. When returned to the campus, he got a coffee in the Commons and a copy of the school paper. To his horror he read on the front page that the campus pigs had raided that toilet in the library and had arrested several students. If Walt hadn't been out sick with the flu, he would have most likely been among those busted.

No way could he explain that to his folks who lived on the Peninsula. His father was a working man, a carpenter. His mother was a housewife. Walt was the only child and the Osborne family's hope for the future.

One day he might tell his folks that he was gay. But he sure didn't want them to know because he'd been arrested in the faculty men's room at the library for "oral copulation," as the pigs were quoted in the campus paper article.

Walt returned to his studies and his job at the school library, thanking his lucky stars that he'd escaped the shithouse raid. He hit the books himself and sorted the books in the library correctly, which got the old bat in charge off his back.

Walt thought about his folks who had encouraged him to get a college education. He wasn't sure what he would become, probably a teacher. But he knew what he had already become -- gay. And he could handle that.

His mother was concerned that Walt would smoke pot. Fat chance on the meager income from his job at the library that he could afford much dope.

His father was concerned that, Walt would chase girls and not study. No chance of that happening. He might tell his folks the truth about himself someday, then again he might not.

The old urge hit Walt again after his spell of celibacy. There were other gay dudes on campus, but he didn't know them. He wasn't political and wasn't involved in the gay liberation movement.

He wanted real men. He had to go down to the sea again, like in that Masefield poem. He'd developed a taste for seafood after Arthur and had to admit that was what he really wanted -- a horny butch sailor.

Walt went back to that toilet bar on the waterfront. There were some longshoremen swilling suds. And two sailors in uniform, but they were both goats.

He knew that there were sailors in town, but he didn't know where they hung out. Young sailors, it occurred to him, probably liked arcades with pinball machines and video games.

There was an arcade near the Transbay Terminal. First Walt checked out the shithouse in the terminal. Two State Policemen in uniform stood around; a cop station was in the building. That's where the chicks hung out, but Walt wanted a sailor.

In the pinball arcade Walt spotted several kids and some young uniformed sailors playing the games.

Walt played the pinball game next to a cute sailor, a red-haired teenager with hazel eyes.

"Any luck?" Walt asked.

"No free games."

"Two can play this machine," Wilt said. "Loser pays for the games. How about it?"

"Why not?"

Walt had played a lot of pinball games as a teenager. Although he was far from a wizard, he was often able to win free games. Now he was too rattled, sweaty, breathing heavy and licking his chops from looking at the gorgeous young sailor.

"Are you on a ship?"

"No. I'm at Treasure Island. Electronics school."

"You must be pretty smart."

"Not really. But I couldn't afford to get the training otherwise. You in the Navy?"

"Nope," Walt replied, thinking he'd like to be in the Navy via this stud's ass.

They played several games. Walt relaxed and could have won, but he deliberately lost. The putze wasn't free games to him, but a chance at this sailor's prick or ass.

"Want to go for a beer?" Walt asked. "I'm not old enough to go to a bar."

"I can buy us a six-pack in a place nearby where we can drink it."

"I should probably get back to the base and study."

"Take a break. One night won't make any big difference. Besides, I'm buying." "All right." The sailor grinned, making up his mind to go for the beer.

Walt stopped at a liquor store and bought a six-pack. The sailor followed the college student to the abandoned pier on the Embarcadero where Walt had tasted his first seafood.

"What kind of work do you do?" "I go to State."

"What are you studying?"

"English major. Probably teach someday." "I'm not very good in English.

But I have a knack for electronics."

"I don't know anything about that sort of stuff."

They sat on the pier and drank beer and smoked.

"You'll probably get a good job with your training, get married and have a family," Walt said.

"I'll settle for a good job. I don't know about a family though; my folks fight all the time over money. A girl I went with in high [missing text]."

Walt reached over and groped the swabby. Morris' cock was hard as a rock.

Morris stood up, unbuttoned his uniform pants and took out his prick.

Walt knelt down and grabbed the sailor's throbbing cock by the base. He held the hot throbbing cock that he guessed to be about seven inches. He licked the rosy cockhead.

Morris groaned. "Yeah, buddy. Suck my dick."

Walt unbuttoned the strap inside, and slid down the pants and the white boxer shorts. He held the sailor's firm ass in his hands while he mouthed the sailor's cock.

Morris responded by rubbing Walt's shoulders, neck and hair. "Eat my prick. Take it all the way down."

Walt deep-throated the cockshaft all the way down to the balls. His nose nestled in the sailor's red pubic bush.

"God, that feels so damn good. I've never had a dude suck me before. I tried to get a chick to blow me in high school. She said it was dirty. Oh man, I love it. Keep sucking my cocky."

Walt took his mouth off the pulsing prick. He teased the spongy cockhead with his tongue. He did a butterfly flick on his prickshaft.

A strand of pre-cum was visible in the moonlight. Morris grabbed the student's head and shoved his hard prick down Walt's throat. The sailor's cock gushed a huge wad of salty cum.

Walt swallowed every drop of the hot load. He cleaned off the sailor's cockhead with his tongue; he licked on the pink, hairless balls.

Morris moaned.

Walt got behind the sailor and stuck his tongue right up Morris' ass.

Morris sighed. "Oooh, shit! What a rush! Lick out my butt, man. Suck my ass."

Walt spread the smooth milky asscheeks farther apart. He licked the valley between the globes. And Walt darted his tongue in and out of the sailor's hot tangy fuck hole. It was Walt's belief that if he could rim a stud, he could fuck him. His prick raged inside his Levi's.

"Get down on all fours," Walt said.

Morris obeyed and hit the deck. Walt took out his cock. He spat on his hand and lubed his prick. The sailor's asshole was already wet by Walt's tongue.

Morris didn't protest, didn't try to move away from the randy prick that probed his asscrack.

Walt further lubed the tight fuckhole with the pre-cum that leaked from his cock.

"Stick my ass, man. I want to feel your cock up my ass."

Walt slipped the head of his prick past the guy's assring. He gripped the sailor's thighs and fucked his cock in all the way into Morris' tight asshole.

Morris let out a small cry. "Fuck me, again. Ball my ass."

Walt stood still as the sailor's moist, fiery ass humped on his cock.

Walt fucked with long, deep strokes, which made the sailor groan. He shortened his strokes, clasped the sailor's hot thighs and fucked fast and furiously.

"Shoot your load up my ass, man. Do it. Fill my butt with cum."

Walt fucked his prick inside to the hilt, and his steely hard cock exploded gobs and gobs of scalding cum into the sailor's ass guts.

Morris' ass muscles squeezed out every drop of cum from Walt's heavy balls.

Walt's cock softened and slipped out of the sailor's asshole.

To the student's surprise Morris turned around and went right down on Walt's shitstained cock and sucked off the shit, cum and ass juices on his prickshaft.

"You've done this before," Walt said.

"Yeah. I'm a queer sailor. I fooled around some before I joined the Navy."

Walt lit two cigarettes and handed one to the sailor. The sailor opened two beers and handed one to the student.

"Come home with me?" Walt asked.

Morris gulped the beer. "Thanks. But I don't think so. Man, I've got to be cool. I don't want to get caught."

"I won't tell," Walt said.

"Yeah, I know. But it's better that we don't get involved."

Walt went over to the edge of the pier and took a long piss. When he turned around the sailor was gone.

CHAPTER FOUR

Walt walked up Mission Street. He checked out the bus terminal and the pinball arcade for Morris. No sign of the red-haired sailor anywhere.

He took the bus up Geary and got off at Polk Street. There were plenty of other hot men around. Even if they weren't sailors.

Polk Street was humming with cruising gay guys. Alleys and doorways were busy with teenage hustlers out to trade sex for money.

The caravan of cars on the street moved slowly as johns checked out the meatrack. Chicken hustlers posed with bulging baskets and skimpy clothing, despite the cool evening air.

Walt went into one of the bookstore arcades with merchants in the back room that showed fuck films.

Several men were standing around, eyeballing each other, checking out the action.

An old queen who was a bit tipsy groped Walt. The student moved away. He might have let the man suck him off in a booth, but the man staggered and had boozy breath.

Walt adjusted his prick in his Levi's, dressing his cock on the left side. His cock was semi-hard from the hand that had massaged him.

A Castro clone type with a trim beard, faded denims, tee shirt and sneakers cruised the student. The clone stepped into the booth directly across the aisle from where Walt was standing.

Walt watched as the dude pulled out his prick and started jerking off.

Walt moved across the aisle. He reached over and grabbed the guy by the cock and stepped inside the booth.

He knelt on the sticky floor. Taking the stiff cock by the shaft, Walt sucked on the clone's cockhead. The man's crotch smelled of cheap cologne. Walt sucked the guy's prick until the clone's cockshaft became rock hard.

Just when the guy panted, ready to come off, he pulled his prick out of Walt's mouth. He tucked his cock back inside his jeans and left the booth without a word.

What kind of a deal was that? Walt wondered. A dry suck.

Oh well, as long as he was in the booth, he dropped a coin into the slot.

A man with a chinstrap beard like the clone Walt had just sucked on was beating his meat on the small silver screen.

Walt felt sticky goo on the right knee of his Levi's where he had knelt on the slimy floor. He sat down on the bench in the booth.

His prick was hard, but he wasn't really horny. He was disgusted at the sailor who'd split on him, at the clone who'd just poked his prick in his mouth but wouldn't give the load.

Walt stood up and took out his cock. He held his prick in his hand.

Instead of whipping his cock, he let go with a spray of steamy piss that ran down the plywood wall and made a puddle on the floor.

When the screen dipped to black seconds later, Walt left the booth.

He walked around the maze of machines. He saw the bearded dude lure another guy into a booth by beating off. Maybe the guy got his jollies by just poking his prick into as many mouths as he could without shooting off.

Walt traced his steps to the booth where he had taken a leak. The stream of piss meandered across the aisle. He was ready to leave the arcade when he spotted a slim Oriental kid who wore yellow satin shorts. He had never had sex with an Oriental before.

Walt looked at the handsome young man and asked. "Aren't you cold?"

"Now. I've been dancing my ass off at the disco up the street. I'm too spaced from grass and poppers to feel cold."

"Those shorts are hot," Walt said.

"So is my ass." The Oriental smiled.

"Want to see a movie?" "If I can be in it."

They entered a booth. Walt put a coin into the slot, but he never looked at the screen. The Oriental shoved his tongue inside Walt's mouth. Walt grabbed the satin shorts. He ran his hands inside and felt a jockstrap.

He shoved his middle finger inside the guy's tight asshole.

The Oriental took out Walt's, randy cock. "If you like my ass, fuck it."

He pulled down the shorts and jockstrap and turned around, leaning against the wall.

Walt spat on his hand and started to lube the Oriental's crack.

"No. Fuck me dry. I want it rough." Walt wiped the spit onto his shirt.

The Oriental had an inhaler on a chain around his neck. He took a whiff of amyl, then shoved the inhaler up Walt's nose.

Walt felt the blood pound in his temples as he fucked his hard prick right up the Oriental's tight dry asshole. Once his cock was inside, Walt's prick felt hot and wet with ass juices.

The Oriental moaned and gyrated his hips. His ass muscles clamped around Walt's cock.

"Fuck me, stud. Fuck me hard."

Walt held onto the guy's smooth, round little ass while he slammed his prick in and out with deep strokes.

"More, more. Keep fucking me." Walt fucked the Oriental faster and faster, knowing that he had lost control and would come faster than he wanted to.

"Fill my ass with cum. Shoot your wad inside me."

Walt fucked his cock in to the hilt and his prick erupted hot bolts of cum inside the Oriental's ass. The Oriental's ass muscles squeezed all the cum out of Walt's balls.

Walt's prick softened and plopped out of the Oriental's asshole. The Oriental kissed Walt on the lips. He unlatched the door to the booth and left.

Walt wandered around the maze of machines. When he passed the booth where he'd fucked the hot Oriental, he peeked inside. On the floor he saw the drops of cum where the hairy fat man had jacked off. Out in the bookstore area. Walt scanned the rows of magazines in the racks on the wall.

Walt spotted a handsome man wearing a black leather jacket and motorcycle cap. The man was blonde with dark eyes. He, was curious about hunks that wore leather. He'd herd some wild stories about bondage and discipline.

The leather man walked outside. And Walt followed. He wanted to watch the leather man roar off into the night on his bike.

Walt was intrigued by the leather stud. He watched the man climb on his bike and kick on the the engine.

"Get on."

"Me?" Walt said.

The Stud nodded.

Walt didn't know whether to obey or run. He looked into those fiery dark eyes and he couldn't walk away.

"Get behind me. Hold on to my waist."

Walt did as he was told. The bike went vroom-vroom and roared off into the night. The wind slapped his face and stung his eyes, but he didn't care. He didn't even know where they were going.

They roared down Van Ness, south of Market to Polsom Street. They pulled up into the driveway of a big old house that was dark. Walt followed the leather man inside and down to the basement. The man flicked an a row of red lights. The walls were painted black.

"Live here alone?" Walt asked.

"No. I have roommates, but they're at a party."

"Uh, I've never done S&M stuff before." "Relax. You're gay, right?"

"Yeah."

"Well, don't freak. I'm not going to hurt you."

Walt was leery. He could still back put. But the blond stud was so sexy.

"Get undressed." Walt stripped down to his jockey shorts.

"To the buff."

Walt pulled off his shorts. The leather man didn't even take off his cap.

Walt felt vulnerable.

Suddenly the leather man grabbed Walt by the hair and pulled him over to some ropes that dangled from the rafters.

Tears stung Walt's eyes. He felt panicky.

The leather man overpowered the student. As Walt watched, his hands and legs were bound by the ropes. He struggled, but he couldn't get free.

"Let me go," Walt pleaded.

"No way. I'll let you go after I fuck you." This was crazy. Walt couldn't believe that he had let a stranger tie him up. He felt so spacy from the poppers he'd whiffed earlier. Even the chilly night air hadn't cleared his head.

The leather man started to slap Walt's ass. "No, don't," Walt protested.

"That hurts."

"Yell all you like. No one will hear you."

Unmercifully, the man in leather spanked Walt's ass again and again with a leather belt.

"Oh, please, stop. I can't take anymore." Walt felt weak. His ass was sore from the strapping.

The leather man smeared Vaseline all over Walt's sore ass. He poked one finger, then two inside Walt's asshole.

Walt relaxed, knowing the spanking was over and that he was going to get fucked by the stud. He couldn't understand why his cock was so hard and drooling with pre-cum. Had he actually enjoyed getting his ass whipped?

The leather man didn't undress. He just took out his prick which was not as long as Walt's, but much thicker with a broad crimson cockhead.

Walt's ass was so sore that the pain of penetration didn't even hurt.

"Fuck me, leather stud."

"Shut up, slave shit. That's what I'm doing."

Walt felt the thick cock corkscrew in his asshole. It was a real turn on to be dominated, to be powerless at the hands of this leather stud, to be bound and beaten, then rewarded with a huge cock up the ass.

The leather man reached around and pinched Walt's nipples. A wave of pain and pleasure rushed through his body. Walt hadn't realized how sensitive his

nipples were until the leather man had squeezed them hard.

Walt had to admit to himself that he loved what was happening to him, being tied up and fucked. He never realized how erotic a trip it could be. The danger only whetted his lust. The leather man gripped the bound stud's thighs and fucked his cock in and out of Walt's asshole.

Walt could feel the rumble of cum in the leather man's balls. He could feel the volcanic eruption of cum lava that seared his guts.

When the leather man's cock slurped out of Walt's ass, the student could feel cum dripping out of his asshole.

Walt was so hot from the rough fucking that spurts of cum just dribbled out of his prick.

To Walt's surprise the leather man lapped the cum off Walt's cockhead. He spread the student's asscheeks and actually sucked his own cum out of Walt's asshole.

It was worth it, Walt felt, to get spanked, then fucked, sucked and rimmed. He expected the leather man to untie him.

The leather man stood behind Walt and grunted.

Walt felt a spray of hot piss splash against his buns. He felt the golden fluid drip down the crack of his ass.

He watched while the leather man held his prick. The man sprayed steamy piss all over Walt's cock, soaking his crotch.

Finally the leather man untied Walt. "That was really something. I think I love you," Walt breathed.

"You make me puke, punk. Now get dressed and get the fuck out of here before my friends get back and really work you over."

That panicky feeling returned to Walt. He dressed quickly and took the stairs two at a time.

The cold wind slapped against his face. The cruelty of the stud after he'd fucked him bothered the student.

He didn't know what to think, he loved it and he didn't. It was passionate, but highly dangerous. The cruelty and pain had only heightened the pleasure of getting fucked by a leather man.

Walt couldn't wait to get home and soak his sore ass in the tub. And, if he had the strength, jerk off just thinking about all the hot sex he'd had that night.

CHAPTER FIVE

Walt continued with his studies, determined to get thru the survey courses of his sophomore year. He had kept his nose to the grindstone and studied hard his first year of college so he wouldn't flunk out. Once he got used to the length of assignments, he was able to handle things. Now he reflected that a lot of the crap that he had to learn for tests wasn't relevant to his life or what he would teach someday. He started to crack the academic code.

He studied only the material on which he was tested. In his major English classes he discovered that he could rewrite papers on various authors, add a little bullshit from his lecture notes and get by.

The old sex urge continually surfaced. No longer was he satisfied to whack off or have wet dreams. He wanted to go out and touch the flesh, particularly that of humpy dudes in San Francisco who wanted the same thing he did, man-to-man action.

He didn't mess around on campus, although he'd heard that the glory hole action had moved to the Commons. He didn't want to just be a cum sack and service straight dudes. He'd prefer some heavy-duty action and maybe some affection along the way. He still had this fantasy trip about butch sailors.

Walt cruised Polk Street. Some of the dudes he was interested in were either selling their asses or selling dope on the Street.

He stopped in a small restaurant and ordered a burger and coffee. Seated next to him at the counter were two good-looking studs.

He asked the fellow next to him, "Pass the cream, please."

The young man rubbed his crotch and smiled, then reached for the cream container.

Walt munched on the burger and washed it down with coffee. He eavesdropped on the conversation between the two young men.

"My father made me join up, said it would make a man out of me," the big dude said.

"Uncle Sam made a lady out of you."

Walt grinned, figuring these two were in the military.

"Join the Navy and ride the waves," the thin sailor said.

"Ugh! I can't stand fish."

"I like a real piece of ass, not pussy."

"In San Diego I heard a 12-inch admiral. But it turned out to be a TV set," the big sailor guffawed.

Walt lit a cigarette.

The thin sailor said: "How can you smoke that stuff, it causes cancer.

Come with us and smoke a joint."

"He's a cutie," the big fellow whispered. "Sure, why not?" Walt said.

"You a hustler?" the thin sailor asked. "Nope. Just a gay college student."

"We're couple of fruit sailors ourselves." "Enough for a salad," the big sailor said. Walt followed the two gay sailors to a fleabag hotel on Pine Street.

Inside the shabby room the thin sailor fired a joint, took a hit and passed it to Walt. Walt toked the weed and passed it to the big sailor.

"I'm Kenny. He's Milt," the thin sailor said.

"Name's Walt. What do you guys do in the Navy?"

"We're corpsmen, work in the dispensary at Moffett Field Naval Air Station."

"Oh yeah, I'm from Palo Alto near there. Didn't have the grades or money for Stanford. So I wound up at San Francisco State."

"Why not San Jose State?" Kenny asked. "Because I wanted to be farther away from home. Come out of the closet, you know."

Milt took a hit off the joint. "I'm just a nice Jewish boy who happens to like kosher cock."

"You whore," Kenny said "you'd stuff anything up your ass. In the barracks he thinks it's lights out at ten, candles out at eleven."

"You're evil, bitch," Milt said. Walt took another toke. "This is strong shit."

"Thai weed," Kenny said. "Nothing but the best for Uncle Sam's kids."

Milt was a hulking stud. He took off his shirt and hung it in the closet.

Two Navy uniforms were on hangers there.

Walt figured it was the big butch types like Milt who wanted to get fucked. Kenny's basket bulged.

"On base they call us the odd couple, Cohen and Kelly, Jew and Mick buddies," Kenny said.

"I'm actually a Hebrew and Gaylick," Walt smiled.

Milt took off his slacks and hung them in the closet. He lay down on the bed. "My ass itches. Walt must be a Greek."

Kenny unbuttoned his jeans and took out his long, thick cock and stroked his prickshaft.

"Suck on this, Milt."

"I've never seen such gaiety," Walt said. His prick strained in his pants.

Kenny stood up and came directly over to Walt who was sitting in a chair.

"On second thought, I'd like to have a real man suck my cock."

Walt parted his lips, and licked on the broad purplish prickhead. He sucked the cockhead and prickshaft into his mouth, taking Kenny's cock all the way down to the balls.

"Ummmmm," Kenny said.

Milt had slipped out of his skivvies and was beating his stubby cock.

"Come over here on the bed, boys, and feed me some of that meat."

Kenny stripped naked. His body was covered with hair.

Walt took off his clothes. He'd never been in a three way before. But these were sailors and that idea made him really hot.

Kenny went down on Milt. And Walt again took the thin sailor's big cock into his mouth, thinking Kenny was all meat and no potatoes. Milt wasn't so well endowed in the prick department, but he had a sexy body.

"Enough of this cocksucking," Milt said. "Let's get down to fucking ass -
- especially mine."

"What a whore you are," Kenny said. "Get on your stomach."

Walt watched Kenny take a tube of K-Y and lubricate the big sailor's asshole.

Kenny fed his eight inches of hard fuckmeat into Milt's ass an inch at a time.

"Give me more, sailor," Milt said. "I love salty dick up my coozie."

Kenny smiled at Walt. "Climb aboard, stud." He slapped his ass.

Walt was so aroused by watching the thin sailor fuck the big guy that he was afraid he would come off before he got his prick inside Kenny's

asshole.

Walt had never seen such a hairy stud. It was a sexy sight, this shaved ape with the big cock. Just watching those furry buns undulate while the sailor fucked his buddy made Walt hot.

Walt kneaded the guy's furry asscheeks. He stuck his tongue up the sweaty ass crevice and licked the pink pucker of Kenny's asshole.

"Ohhhh, yeah," Kenny said. "Eat my ass, stud, while I fuck this puto."

Walt tongued the tangy asshole and jiggled Kenny's balls while the thin sailor's prick fucked Milt's ass.

"Get inside me!" Kenny said. "Fuck my ass while I fuck his."

Walt located the tube of K-Y on the night stand. He smeared some goo on his prick. After eating out the hairy ass which he hoped wasn't full of crabs because of all the hair, Walt mounted the firm hairy ass buns.

As Kenny moved his ass up in the air while plugging his buddy's asshole, Milt eased his prick in side Kenny's hot, moist asshole.

In unison, Walt fucked Kenny while Kenny fucked Milt. In an out, in and out cock in ass, slurping sounds, balls slapping against asscheeks. Milt screamed, "Shoot your spunk!", Kenny said, "Cream my ass!"

"Yeah, baby. Here it comes," Kenny said.

Walt listened to Kenny grunt and blast his wad up Milt's ass. Kenny's asshole spasmed as he emptied his balls Walt grunted himself and the cum shot out of his prick, filling that hairy ass of the thin sailor.

"Get off," Milt said.

Walt's hard cock slurped out of Kenny's asshole. And Kenny's prick plopped out of Milt's ass.

"How was that for a double decker seafood sandwich?"

"All right!" Walt said.

Milt squeezed Walt's cock. "What have we here, a stiff prick?" He went down on Walt's slimy cockhead. He grabbed Kenny's cock and took that prick inside his mouth at the same time.

Walt's cock stayed hard while Milt sucked his along with Kenny's stiff cock.

Milt gagged and took his mouth off the two throbbing pricks. He simultaneously jacked them.

"This sailor is a real slut," Kenny said.

"Ah, you love it," Milt replied. He got on his stomach again. He grabbed Walt's cock and guided the student's stiff prick up his ass. Walt was surprised how tight Milt's ass still was after having taken Kenny's big cock. He took long, deep strokes.

Kenny stood at the edge of the bed and shoved his cock in. Walt's mouth while the student fucked the big sailor. It was paradise, sucking on one sailor while fucking his buddy.

Kenny got the tube of K-Y and lubed Walt's ass with goo.

Walt felt Kenny's hot cock probe his asscrack, locate the assring and pop inside. Now he was the meat in the middle of the seafood until he saw the thin sailor stand at the edge of the bed and hold his cock in his hand.

First just a couple drops of golden fluid dribbled out of his piss slit.

"Oh, no! Don't do this," Milt begged.

A spray of golden piss splashed all over Milt's face and chest.

"Get the bottom half," Kenny said.

Seeing how hard Milt's prick got when the thin sailor peed on him, Walt held his cock and let go with a spray of foamy piss on Milt's crotch and thighs.

Kenny pissed a fountain right into Milt's mouth. Milt no longer protested. He opened his mouth and drank the other sailor's pee.

Walt stood on the opposite side of the bed and took aim, flooding Milt's mouth with foamy piss.

When they had finished pissing on Milt, the big sailor said, "Untie me now."

"Fuck you, whore," Kenny said; "Let's go for a walk, Walt."

"Please let me go." Milt struggled to get free.

Walt watched, not knowing what to do, but figured Kenny knew his lover best.

"Let the asshole wallow in the piss and think about what a scumbag he really is," Kenny said.

"Untie me, please."

Kenny took a dirty sock and stuffed it in Milt's mouth.

Kenny and Walt dressed and left Milt tied to the bed, squirming on the piss-soaked mattress.

"How long will you leave him like that?" Walt asked when they hit the street.

Kenny smiled a devilish grin. "Until he has time to realize what a piss pot he is. Maybe an hour, maybe all night."

"Aren't you two lovers?"

"Uh-huh," Kenny said. "but Milt's hitch is up and he'd going back to some hick town in Iowa to work in his folk's store."

"What about you?"

"I put in for sea duty. I want to get as far away as possible."

"For how long?" Walt asked.

"Until my enlistment is up next year. If I haven't got that whore out of my blood by then I'll probably become a kike merchant." Walt smiled. He crossed the street and walked away.

CHAPTER SIX

Walt went home and hit the books. But his mind drifted. He thought about the two sailors and what it was like being in the Navy and being in love with a buddy, then being separated.

He scanned the rest of the assigned chapters for Psychology class. He had heard that some of the fraternities on campus kept those multiple choice tests that were graded by a machine on file and sold them to students.

A guy could guess and maybe get lucky and pass. Some of the tough profs assigned so much material with library reference reading that it was impossible to read it all and do any work in the rest of the classes.

The edge that Walt felt he had was that a lot of the stuff they covered in the survey basic courses was stuff he'd had in high school. He did his homework mostly out of boredom, just for something to do.

He finally decided that he would do what he had to in order to get by in college, the way he had to in life. He would read what he had time to read and not worry about upcoming midterms. No matter what happened with tests, the sun still rose and set the next day.

He tried to be a realist. He had heard about students who had so much pressure on them from parents and friends to achieve, to get top grades, that, when they failed to be perfect, some students even committed suicide. That was crazy.

From what Walt observed, like the lectures by Professor Green in psyche class, the teachers read from dog-eared yellow pages, probably their own notes which they had taken when they were in graduate school.

Professor Green kept the class' attention better than most teachers because he talked a lot about sex. Besides beer and grass, fucking seemed to be what was mostly on the minds of male college students.

At times, Walt felt alone, isolated from the real world. He came to think of education as just so much mental masturbation -- there was a lot of bullshit being passed off as knowledge and a lot of irrelevant facts to learn which just didn't apply to living.

Thinking of jerking off, Walt slammed shut his textbook and threw it on the desk. He hated to read the shit that was peddled about homosexuals as deviates, out of the norm. So what? There were consenting adult sex laws in California that stated it was none of the state's business what adults did sexually in private.

Walt was feeling horny just thinking about the three-way sex with those sailors. Instead of reading about sex as the basic drive in the Freudian frame, Walt decided it would be more educational to go to the baths.

He had read about the baths and private sex clubs from articles in the free gay papers available in bars and bookstores. And he had heard about the tubs from various tricks.

An old auntie who had sucked Walt off at a glory hole in a department store in the Stonestown shopping mall near the campus had invited Walt to go for coffee afterwards: "Since Walt had already provided the cream,"

according to the dizzy old queen. The man just raved about the tubs and said, "Cocks everywhere -- it's paradise!"

Walt got a trolley car and headed downtown.

He located the Turk Street Baths in the sleazy Tenderloin area.

Walt showed his campus ID to the Nelly queen attendant who looked like a bearded lady in the circus.

He wandered upstairs to the rooms and found the one assigned to him. Only a couple of older men with towels cinched around their waist had eyeballed the student.

Walt stripped off his clothes and wrapped the worn towel around his hips.

He came back down the stairs looking for the steam room. He located a small lounge with a TV set blaring and some old man sitting alone with a towel around him, his legs crossed, revealing huge shriveled balls.

Walt went down the end of the long hallway to the showers. He lathered up and enjoyed standing under the spray of water with his eyes closed.

A hand grabbed the boy's cock and startled him. Walt looked down at the old man he'd seen in the TV lounge. The old man was now blowing the student.

Walt's prick stiffened from the hot sucking mouth that engulfed his prick. The old man reached up and rubbed Walt's tits, pinching his nipples, which sent waves of pain and pleasure coursing through Walt's body.

The old man's toothless mouth gummed Walt's prick. The man took his mouth off Walt's hard jutting cock and tongued the student's ballsac. He sucked one ball then the other ball inside his mouth. The old man reached down and rubbed his shriveled cock while he chewed on Walt's balls.

Walt felt the cum boiling in his balls which were being savagely rolled around inside the man's mouth. Walt moved away from the spray of the shower, and the old fart practically castrated him by chewing so hard on his balls.

The ache in Walt's balls finally exploded and strands of pearly cum jettisoned out of the student's prick and landed on the old boy's thatch of white hair.

Walt rubbed his wad of cum all over the old man's hair and face. He had to almost pry his balls out of the man's chops. The old coot looked like a squirrel with its cheeks puffed up from carrying nuts.

His balls were really strained from all the chewing done on them. When Walt left the showers, the old man stood under the spray of water, his snowy hair lacquered with goody cum.

Walt sauntered into the steam room just off the shower area. He sat on the slimy bleachers. Several men were sitting on the planks as the steam hissed and billowed into the air.

As the steam fogged the room, the men moved closer together.

Walt felt hands rubbing his crotch, his legs, his torso. It was like being mauled by a gay octopus.

A hot mouth sucked on Walt's flaccid prick. Someone sucked on the boy's left dl. Mother man kissed Walt's lips and poked his tongue inside Walt's mouth. In the fog of wet steam Walt was being bathed by fiery tongues.

He reached out and touched several cocks. He started jerking on one prick with his right hand, another prick with his left hand.

Some man shoved his stiff prick into Walt's mouth and the boy sucked on the spongy cockhead. His own cock became rock hard as he sucked on one cock while he jacked on two other pricks.

Walt couldn't make out the features of any of the men. He was the center of the cannibalistic feast, sucking cock as he was being sucked and licked on.

The big cock fucked in and out of Walt's mouth. Walt dripped with sweat and could hardly breathe as the rubbery prick fucked in and out of his mouth.

Just as the big dick exploded in Walt's mouth, he gagged, and the hot cum oozed out of the corners of his mouth. He leaned back and groaned. Gobs of hot cum spewed out of his prick and inundated his cocksuckers mouth.

The man's throat muscles tightened and milked the cum out of the boy's balls.

Walt wiped the cum off his chin and rubbed it onto the cock he'd been jacking with his right hand.

A low moan sounded, and the cock Walt jacked exploded hot cum all over Walt's hand. Walt put his sticky fingers in his mouth and licked them clean,

tasting two flavors of salty cum at once.

The steam subsided. The men scattered like roaches when light floods a room at night.

Walt left the steam room. In the empty showers he scrubbed the saliva and cum off his body. He couldn't believe that he'd actually done that, gotten into an orgy with strangers. He had to admit that he had enjoyed the group sex.

Exhausted, Walt felt like going to his room and crashing. Instead he stopped in the TV lounge. The old man who'd earlier blown Walt in the shower was seated alone. He motioned for Walt to come and sit beside him.

Walt took a seat. The old man had a bottle inside a paper bag. He unscrewed the cap and offered the boy a snort.

Walt took a swallow of the sweet wine. His head buzzed and he felt a warm glow.

He thought for a moment about the sailor boy Arthur with whom he had drunk wine at the movie, and he was hurt that he'd not seen that kill again. He took another gulp of the nectar and passed the jug back to the man.

"You re a beautiful guy."

"Oh sure," Walt said.

"I mean it. You rarely see beauty in a toilet like this. Occasionally someone will bring up a piece of twinkie trade, which is usually hands off."

"I'm gay myself," Walt said.

"You should enjoy it while you're young." The man sipped on the wine and offered the boy some more.

Walt took another slug.

He felt warm and relaxed.

"When I was your age, the cops constantly harassed us in Frisco. I once sucked a man's cock in the bus depot john. He flashed a badge and told me that I was under arrest after I swallowed his cum. He waited until he got his rocks off before he pulled out his badge."

"What a scumbag," Walt said. "Did you go to jail?"

"Yeah. But they dropped the charges to soliciting and made me pay a fifty-dollar fine."

"Soliciting?"

"Uh-huh. The lying bastard said I'd propositioned him. Another time out in Golden Gate Park, I groped a guy at a urinal in an outdoor shithouse.

He flashed a shield. Then he pushed me in the face, knocked me down and kicked the shit out of me."

"But he didn't arrest you?"

"No. He pissed all over me. That was my first golden shower -- and I loved it. After the bastard cop left, I sat on the throne. I had the biggest stinking hard-on of my life. I stayed in that shithouse until dark and I sucked off seven men. I counted them -- seven."

They passed the jug back and forth.

"You youngsters today don't know how lucky you are. It was us old queens who stood up to the cops and demanded our rights as human beings."

Walt nodded. He would fall on his face if he drank any more wine. He thanked the man for the wine, and staggered upstairs to his cubbyhole room. As soon as he lay down on the thin mattress on the rack he passed out cold, listening to disco music blaring over the speaker system.

Sometime later Walt awakened; his head was fuzzy and he wasn't sure where he was. He was lying down. Oh yeah, the baths. He was naked. The door to his room was open. Loud music filled the air.

A man was tonguing Walt's asshole. He started to protest, but it felt so good.

"Like that, don't you?"

"Yeah. Eat my ass, dude." Walt peered at the young man in the dim light.

Walt wiggled his ass, really aroused by the fiery tongue that lapped his asscrack and probed up his hole.

Suddenly the tongue stopped licking his asshole. The swarthy man's stiff cock rubbed into Walt's ass. Walt reached back and felt the big throbbing dick, the hairy balls and pubic bush. The man gasped for breath when Walt squeezed the pulsing prick.

"What a gorgeous ass you've got. What a tasty butt."

"Fuck me, stud. Rain your big hard cock up my ass."

The man's spongy cockhead pushed inside past Walt's assring. Walt moaned.

The man eased in slowly and stopped with his cock buried completely -- in Walt's ass.

Walt gyrated his hips. The man moved with penetrating strokes, fucking his huge cock in and out of the student's tight asshole.

"Ahhhh yeah. That's it. Feels so Goddamn good. Yeah, keep fucking my ass.

Harder, fuck me harder."

The fat cock stroked faster and faster, fucking in and out of Walt's ass.

Walt pushed back as the swarthy man fucked harder and harder up his fuckhole.

Walt moaned. "Ummmm. Aw, shit. That's good. Shoot your cum up my ass."

The stud's cock pulled nearly all the way out of the snug asshole, then fucked in to the hilt and gushed gobs and gobs of scalding cum into Walt's ass guts.

Walt's ass spasmed as the jism creamed him. He grunted and popped his own nuts, spraying the sheet with a pool of molten cum.

"You get off?" the man asked.

"Uh-huh."

The man's cock softened and plopped out of Walt's tight ass. The man pushed the student aside. He located the wad of cum on the sheet and lapped it up like a cat with a bowl of I cream.

The man didn't say anything. He just left the room licking his chops.

Walt felt satisfied physically. Yet something was still missing. He dressed slowly and smoked a cigarette.

He kept thinking there was more to life than just sex. When he thought of Arthur the sailor, he didn't understand why he felt so upset. Just another trick, he told himself. San Francisco is full of hot numbers.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Walt managed to get through his midterm exams, and knew he could coast along until finals.

Work at this library job was routine. Since there was no longer a glory hole spot in the building, Walt could concentrate on shelving books properly.

On Sundays like today Walt slept in until noon. He finally dragged his ass out of the sack and splashed water on his face. He lit the first cigarette of the day and briefly wondered why he didn't try to break the expensive filthy habit that was dangerous to his health.

Dumb reasoning for a college man. But he figured he would eat junk food snacks all the time if he didn't put a cigarette into his mouth. And he would end up getting fat.

He had woke up with a big hard-on tenting in his shorts, and realized that he was alive. And ready to rape the world.

He rubbed his crotch and absently wondered if that was where his brains were. Would he be led around all his life by his prick?

Walt took a trolley downtown. He got off at Powell Street and started to walk up toward Union Square. In an adult bookstore he spotted a sailor, a good-looking brown-haired kid with his white hat pushed back on his head.

Walt entered the sleazy store. He pretended to look at the cellophaned magazines that lined the walls, mostly shots of nasty spread hairy beavers, big tits and giant cocks.

Walt ogled the tall hunky sailor, but couldn't detect much of a crotch bulge.

The sailor looked at Walt, but he looked away too fast.

Walt was drooling. He was nuts about butch young sailor boys. He didn't know why except that it had something to do with masculinity and the sense

that a sailor was always horny, ready to explode after being confined aboard ship.

Walt noted the ship patch on the sailor's uniform said U.S.S. MT. MORIA.

The sailor walked outside and Walt followed. He thought he had detected a gleam in those big blue eyes.

Outside Walt fished in his pocket for a smoke and eyeballed the swabby who was looking at the dildo assortment in the display window. He wondered what size equipment the sailor packed.

"Got a match?" Walt asked.

The sailor pulled his Zippo out of his jumper pocket. "Yeah. Your face and my ass."

Walt puffed on his cigarette.

"San Francisco sucks."

"So I've heard," Walt said. "What kind of ship is the Mt. Moria?"

"Ammo ship."

Walt brazenly cruised the sailor's basket, thinking that that gun was probably loaded with ammo.

"Where is the ship, at the Embarcadero?" "Are you an enemy agent? We're tied up at Treasure Island."

Walt couldn't stop thinking that he would like this sailor to tie him up and fuck him.

"In California the fruit sucks back."

"So I've heard," Walt repeated. "In Union Square they put up a fence to keep the fruit from picking the people."

The sailor rubbed his crotch. "All the fags in this town, and I didn't even get my rocks off once."

"Maybe you'll still get lucky."

"We're sailing in a few hours."

"I can take care of that thing for you," Walt said.

"That's what I thought, the way you keep looking at my crotch."

"I've got a place, just a half hour trolley ride away."

"I don't have much time," the sailor said.

"Let's get one of those fleabag hotel rooms. I'm loaded. I'll pay for it."

"What about my fee?" Walt teased.

"I'll write you a check, faggot. Let's not waste any more time jacking off on the street."

Walt's prick strained in his pants. God, this bastard made him hot the way he talked. Probably rough trade who might beat him up after he got his rocks off. That was just the chance Walt had to, was willing to take.

They walked, down Market Street and crossed at Sixth to the skid row area, where Walt knew he could rent a room cheap with no questions asked.

"Since you're paying for the room, I'll spring for some beer."

Walt detoured into a small grocery store and bought two quarts of Bud.

They checked into a Hindu fleabag hotel. The sailor paid the seven-dollar room charge.

Inside the room, the sailor shut the door. Walt unscrewed the cap off a bottle and handed the beer to the sailor. "What's your name?"

"Are you writing a book? You ask a lot of fucking questions."

"Well, I'm Walter Osborne." "Daryl Logan." The sailor sipped the beer.

"Want to get undressed?" Walt asked. "I got some dust on my shoes."

"There's a towel lay the sink you can wipe them off with."

"Get on your knees, faggot." "What?"

"You heard me. Don't get me pissed off or I might smash this bottle over your head."

Walt wasn't sure what to do. Run for the door? No, he couldn't get past the sailor. Reach for the other bottle to defend himself with? He'd picked up a psycho who hated queers.

"Hey, maybe I made a mistake. I'd better go," Walt said.

The sailor grabbed Walt by the hair and shoved him down on the floor.

"Clean my shoes off with your tongue."

"No, I can't." Tears stung Walt's eyes from having his hair pulled.

"Act like a man, if that's possible, you dirty cocksucker." Daryl took another swig of the beer. "Now clean off my shoes or I'll make you wish to God you'd never seen me."

Walt didn't have any choice. Adonis, but a psycho. His tongue rolled over the sailor's shoes. The dust and polish tasted putrid.

"That's better. Now take them off." Walt untied the shoes. He considered hitting the sailor in the head and making a run past him. But he figured he would not make it. And the crazy sailor might really hurt him.

Besides, Walt had a raging hard-on. He figured he must be as loony as the sailor.

"Take off your clothes, slut," the sailor commanded.

Walt didn't move fast enough to satisfy the sailor. A slap across the face sent the student reeling on the bed.

"Let me go or I'll scream."

"You sissy motherfucker. Scream and I'll gag you with my dirty socks."

Walt started to break down. He sobbed. Here was this gorgeous, cruel sailor who just wanted to abuse him.

The sailor tore off Walt's shirt so fast some buttons popped off. He unbuttoned the Levi's and pulled them and the shorts down at the same time.

"Well, what have we got here? Meat between the legs. Nothing to write home about. But definitely a cock."

"I'll blow you, but don't hurt me, please." "Shut up! You're disgusting.

A mama's boy. A whimpering little snot who likes to suck salty sailor cocks."

"Don't hurt me, please."

Daryl stood over the edge of the bed. "Unbutton my fly so you can see what a real man looks like."

Walt nervously unbuttoned the thirteen buttons on the sailor's fly. He gazed into the eyes that were like cold blue steel. He reached inside the white skivvy shorts and freed the huge flaccid uncut prick.

"Lick it."

Walt's tongue swabbed the stiffening prick. He ran his tongue inside the foreskin and tasted the tangy cock cheese. The crimson cockhead protruded out of its hood. He loved the salty taste of the sailor's prick, the musky smell of his crotch.

He didn't give a shit what the sailor did to him as long as he could suck on that hot monstrous fuckmeat.

"You're biting me, you lousy cocksucker." Daryl gabbed Walt by the hair and pulled his prick out of the student's mouth.

Walt's head dropped and he felt a slap across the back of the head that dazed him for a moment. Why was he letting this sailor abuse him, why didn't he fight back? He just stared, mesmerized by the horny sight of the butch sailor with his white hat on, his jumper and tie, and his uniform pants down to his ankles, with his huge cock jutting out from his sandy pubic bush.

Daryl took the pillowcase and bound Walt's hands behind him. He shoved the student down on his stomach. He took the belt out of Walt's Levi's and strapped him across the ass.

"No, please stop. I'll do whatever you want. Don't hit me any more."

Daryl was relentless. The strap stung across Walt's ass again and again.

Walt wailed, sobbing into the pillow. He knew there were welts on his sore ass. There was no telling how far the sailor would go. Walt was bound and at the stud sailor's mercy. And Walt's cock was rock hard.

The sailor's rough hands kneaded Walt's sore ass.

Walt felt what he really wanted -- the sailor's stiff cock rubbing in his asscrack. He could feel the pre-cum leaking from the randy prick.

The goo lubed his asshole.

"Fuck me, sailor. Shove that big cock in my ass." Walt wiggled his ass until he felt the throbbing prickhead poke into his fuckhole.

"Ahhh, tight man ass, what my dick loves," the sailor said.

"Stick it in all the way. Screw me with that big fucker."

Daryl rammed his prick in all the way and fucked in and out of the student's ass.

"Harder, sailor. Fuck me harder."

Daryl increased the rhythm of his strokes. His prick fucked in and out of the young student's tight ass.

"Shoot your wad up my butt, sailor. Fill my ass with your cum."

Daryl's prick became steely hard and exploded in the tight fuckhole, gushing gobs and gobs of hot cum into the student's ass guts.

Walt's ass muscles tried to milk every drop of cum there was in the swabby's heavy balls. Then it happened -- the cum spurted out of Walt's own cock.

The sailor reached underneath and scooped up a handful of the student's cum. He smeared Walt's own cum into the student's sore asscheeks. The slimy cum felt like a soothing salve.

Walt could feel the heavy load of the sailor's cum squishing in his asshole. Then Walt felt the swabby spread his asscheeks. He felt the sailor's tongue lap around his asshole. And Walt felt the sailor suck his own cum out of that just-fucked asshole.

"Oh God, that was such a good fuck," Walt said. "But my ass, it's so damn sore."

"Stop sniveling, you asshole. You got your rocks off." Daryl grabbed Walt's hair. He pulled the student's hair so hard that tears streamed from Walt's eyes.

Daryl kissed away the tears. He stuck his tongue inside Walt's mouth and kissed him hard.

"Untie me now, please."

"No way."

"But you did what you wanted to, you fucked me."

Daryl rolled the student over on his back. He straddled Walt's chest. He grabbed Walt by the hair.

"Please don't hurt me anymore." Walt's tongue lapped at the tangy shit and cum stains on the sailor's cock.

"Clean off my prick, faggot."

"Yeah, ohhhh, yeah," Walt said. He licked the fucker.

Daryl held on to the student's hair while he fucked his cock down the student's throat.

Walt mooned and hungrily sucked the sailor's cock.

"Eat my dick, you cock-crazy bastard. Suck the cum out of it."

Walt gagged from the rapid mouth-fucking. Daryl brutally fucked his cock in and out of the student's hungry mouth. He pulled Walt's hair while the student's hungry mouth gobbled at his prick.

Daryl was sweating and panting hard. He groaned, and buckets of molten cum spewed out of his cock and flooded Walt's mouth.

Walt swallowed as fast as he could, but the load was too big to handle.

Gum dripped out of the corners of his mouth.

Daryl rubbed the pearly drops of cum all over Walt's face. He rolled the student over onto his stomach again.

"oh, no! I can't take any more. My ass is so sore. Please untie me now."

Walt waited for the sailor to untie him, but it didn't happen.

Instead Walt felt a few drops of piss on his ass. Then a steady stream of pee splashed across his sore ass, soothing his asscheeks. Piss filled his asscrack.

Soon his whole torso was showered with golden pee.

Walt looked back at the sailor who was pissing on him. God, he was a gorgeous hunk.

Daryl splashed the last of his foamy piss into the student's mouth, and Walt swallowed as much of the pee as he could.

He watched the sailor put on his uniform pants and shoes. He expected the sailor to untie him, but Daryl didn't. Instead Daryl kissed him gently on the mouth. He winked and left the room, leaving Walt soaking in the sailor's acrid piss.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Walt freed himself from the pillowcase which had bound his hands behind his back. He sat on the bed, on the sheets that were soaked with Daryl's piss. His cock stiffened when he thought of the hunky butch sailor. Walt couldn't help it. He wallowed in the piss-stained sheets and jacked his prick.

Daryl had acted like rough trade and treated the student the way he deserved. Oh God, yes!

Walt's hand blurred as he fisted his cock.

Hot cum blasted out of Walt's prick and formed a sticky pool on his stomach. Walt licked the goo off his fingers, and split.

Spring vacation rolled around the following week.

Walt decided to go see his folks in Palo Alto. They would be expecting him.

On the bus ride to his home town, Walt thought about being honest with his folks, telling them that he was gay, that he liked men. Naw, he reasoned, they just wouldn't understand. But it was better that he told them than have them hear it from someone else.

He had played the straight role too long. After the senior prom in high school -- he'd dated the girl next door, Carol Baldwin -- he could have fucked a chick. But he didn't. It was her youngest brother Bobby who aroused him.

The bouncy bus ride to Palo Alto and thinking of Bobby had made Walt's prick harden. Bobby had changed from a chunky boy to a slender youth.

One day, after the Prom, when Walt was taking out the garbage to the alley, he spotted Bobby mowing the lawn. His shirt was off and his body gleamed.

"You can mow our lawn when you're finished," Walt teased.

"Fat fucking chance." "How about a Coke?" "I'd rather have a beer."

Walt liked the rebel attitude of Bobby. The boy talked dirty and swore a blue streak. Whatever came out of his mouth was either obscene or profane.

"Come in the house," Walt said. Bobby stopped cutting the grass and followed Walt into the kitchen.

Walt took two beers out of the fridge and gave one to Bobby.

"Where are your folks?" "Out shopping." Bobby gulped the beer.

Walt looked at the sweat dripping down Bobby's torso.

"You fuck my sister?" Walt said, "No." "Everybody else does." "How would you know?" "I've even fucked Carol."

"You're huts. I'll bet your dick isn't even big enough."

Bobby unbuttoned his fly and took out his prick.

Walt was speechless and drooling. Bobby's cock was a nice fat cut prick any man would have been proud of.

"How many times a day do you jack off Walt?" Bobby asked.

"I don't jack off. That causes blindness," Walt said.

"That's bullshit. I'd have been blind years ago if it did. And I don't even need glasses."

Walt's cock strained in his pants. He looked at the pre-cum glistening on Bobby's prick.

"Is your dick as big as mine?" "Yeah," Walt said. "A lot bigger." "Liar.

Bet you a buck it's not." "Put your dollar on the table, punk." With two dollar bills on the table, Walt pulled out his prick and showed his cock to Bobby.

Bobby agreed that Walt's prick was an inch longer, about the same size around.

Walt grabbed the money.

"Wait. I'll bet you two bucks you don't come as fast as I can."

"Is a jack off contest your idea of fun or are you a compulsive gambler?"

"You're chicken, Walt." "Nope. I'll take that bet."

Both teenagers leaned back in their chairs at the kitchen table and jerked off.

In a matter of seconds, it seemed, a thick creamy load spurted out of Bobby's cock.

Bobby grabbed the deuce off the table and grinned. "I'm the jack off champion in this town." He gulped the rest of the beer.

"Do you really fuck Carol?"

"Ugh! Are you crazy? I wouldn't fuck that bitch with your prick. So long, chump."

Walt, went to his bedroom and peeked between the curtains at the cute blond neighbor boy mowing the lawn.

Walt didn't even touch his prick. Cum just gushed out when he looked at Bobby and thought about the kid's big prick.

The bus pulled into the depot in Palo Alto.

Bobby Baldwin had quit school and joined the Navy. Walt's mother had mentioned in a letter that the boy would be home on leave for Easter after completing boot camp.

Walt discreetly adjusted his hard-on and stepped off the bus. He couldn't count the times he had jacked off thinking about Bobby. It was foolish, he

thought, to even think that he could suck and fuck the boy next door.

That incident with them jacking off had just been a boyish experiment.

At home, Walt ate like a horse, slept in late. He even managed to jot down some notes for upcoming term papers and get some reading done. He drank beer with his dad and assured his mom that he didn't do dope.

Ever since Walt could remember his father had polished off a six-pack of beer every night. Walt used to think that his father was dumb and a drunk. But he came to appreciate his father's talent to build things as a carpenter. When Walt tried to use a hammer he would only hit his thumb and swear.

His mother knew all the neighborhood gossip and repeated it several times. No wonder his dad drank. But his mother was a super cook and immaculate housekeeper. She was a devout Christian who did lots of charity work and could make everyone appreciate Jesus except her husband and her son.

Walt considered himself a thinking man, an intellectual. Religion was all right if a person needed it. What really turned Walt off was the homosexuality as a sin bit. After he heard that crap in a sermon he never went back to church despite his mother's pleas. His father saw the face of God in trees and nature, he once said. His father believed that everyone was a liar and a cheat.

Walt was reading a Faulkner novel in his room when he heard his mother's voice.

"Someone to see you, Walter."

Walt looked up. There he was. Bobby Baldwin in a sailor suit. "I don't believe it. Uncle Sam must be desperate."

"How's it going, dude?"

"Hanging in there with the books."

"Well, I've discovered some knowledge myself," Bobby said.

"Probably between your legs." "Remember..." Bobby grinned. "You'd do anything for money." "Hey, why don't you come over to my place and we'll drink some beer. The folks are visiting friends."

"And Carol?"

"She's probably fucking her boyfriend." "How can you say that about your sister?" "She's a tramp. I'd be the same way if I had her charms."

"You've got some fair equipment as I remember."

"And I've learned how to use it since I last saw you?"

Walt wasn't sure what Bobby meant. But he went over to Bobby's house and they drank some beer.

"You look so different," Walt said as he set the can on the table.

Walt's cock had been semihard ever since he had looked at Bobby. A butch blond sailor -- fantasy in the flesh!

Bobby took off his tie and jumper. "Let's not waste precious time, buddy."

"What do you mean?"

"Let's get it on. It's cool. My parents won't be back for hours. Neither will my sister."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" "Us, dummy. You ain't so bright for a college man. I want to suck your dick." "Hey, I'm not that way."

"Don't bullshit me, Walter Osborne. You're gay as a goose."

"How do you know?" Walter enjoyed teasing Bobby.

"We jerked off together, remember?"

"That was for money."

Bobby groped the student. "If you don't dig me, then why is your dick hard? Even Carol knows you're a fag because you wouldn't screw her."

"She told you that?"

"Yeah. And I told her you didn't do it because you didn't have a bag to put over her head."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing. She clobbered me."

"You deserved it."

"C'mon, let's get down." Bobby took a six-pack of beer from the fridge and went into his bedroom.

Walt followed. His prick was hard as a rock. "I might let you blow me.

That doesn't mean I'll suck yours."

"I know you. Walt. You like to play games. I've never seen anyone drool at the mouth the way you did when I pulled out my dick that time."

"How did you learn all this gay stuff?"

"Some faggot Carol knew from Stanford. He gave me a ride across town to a party. We wound up in his dorm. He showed me what my dick and ass were for. Know something? I thought about you when I came off."

"Doesn't surprise me."

"Why?"

"You never could keep your mind on anything too long."

"You're a creep, Walt. A snob. A sexual intellectual -- a fucking know-it-all. You make me puke."

"Still want to cop my joint?"

Bobby sipped a beer. He took off his shoes and uniform pants. He took off his skivvies. "Like my build?"

"It's okay."

"Like my face?"

Walt was weakening, but he wasn't going to make the first move. "Not especially..."

"Then fuck it, man." Bobby shoved Walt down on the bed. He stripped off all the student's clothes. And he went right down on Walt's throbbing prick.

Walt had to really concentrate. He even thought of Carol to keep from coming off right away. It was like a dream come true, the chunky kid next door grown up, now a muscular stud who was also a sailor.

Bobby gripped Walt's cock by the base. He tongued the piss-slit. He did a butterfly flick on the prickshaft.

Walt snaked into a sixty-nine position. His hungry mouth engulfed the prick of the boy he had worshipped from his window mowing the lawn that day. He swore the boy's prick was even bigger now.

Walt watched his prick fuck in and out of Bobby's mouth. Those luscious lips. That blond hair. Those blue eyes. The rippled chest. Bobby's body was hairless except for the sandy pubic bush. Walt deep-throated the boy's big prick.

Together they lay, mouths sucking pricks, fucking cocks ready to explode.

Walt felt Bobby's cock become concrete hard and blast gobs of hot cum into his mouth. The cum was delicious and salty because it came from Bobby's cock.

Bobby squeezed Walt's hard balls which were in their ballsac. And Walt exploded his load, gushing hot cum into the sailor's mouth.

Bobby managed to swallow every drop of Walt's load.

With cum-stained lips they found each other's mouth and kissed deep, their fiery tongues touching and exploring their mouths.

To Walt's surprise, Bobby rolled him over onto his stomach. The horny sailor spread Walt's asscheeks and tongued Walt's asscrack.

"Ohhhh, Bobby. That feels so Goddamn good. I love it. I love your tongue in my butt."

"You won't have to use shit paper for a week when I'm done."

Walt squirmed, excited by the rimming and ecstatic over the idea that Bobby Baldwin was gay and hot for him.

"Oh shit, that feels so good. Rim me, sailor boy. Suck my ass."

"Don't think I'm doing this for nothing," Bobby said.

That was when Walt felt the sailor's stiff hot cock slide up and down his asscrack. Walt felt the big cockhead probe past his assring and push inside.

"Yeah, that's it. Fuck me, swabby. Fuck my ass rough," Walt moaned.

Bobby's big prick fucked in and out of Walt's asshole.

Walt gyrated his hips, stroke for stroke, meeting the sailor boy's invading fuckmeat. He listened to Bobby's heavy breathing. He felt Bobby's sweat dripping off his body.

"Harder, sailor. Fuck me harder!" Bobby sat up and kneaded Walt's asscheeks while he fucked the student's asshole faster and faster.

"Oh Jesus, here it comes. Man, your ass is so tight, so fucking hot and juicy. Ahhhh. OHH shit. Ummmm!" Bobby moaned.

Walt felt the hot bolts of cum shoot up his ass. "Oh, Bobby, I've never had so much jism pumped into my ass."

"Take it, man. Take all my cum up your ass."

Walt's ass muscles drained out every drop of cum from the sailor's big balls.

Bobby rolled off. He reached over to the night stand. He popped open two cans of beer and handed one to the student.

Walt took a sip of the brew. "I think I'm in love."

"You're just a cock-crazy bastard. Don't say shit like that to me unless you mean it."

"Where are you going to be stationed?"

"Right here at Moffett Field, you asshole."

CHAPTER NINE

At the dinner table, Walt's mother asked him, "Do you have a special girl at school?"

"No," Walt said.

"Carol Baldwin is a pretty thing," Walt's father said.

"She's too young for you," Walt said. "Better watch him, Mom."

"Get a nice girl and settle down, that's still the best way to live," his father said.

Walt was thankful when his mother piled another portion of her special meat loaf into his plate. "You're the best cook in the world." "You've lost weight," his mother said. The doorbell rang.

Mrs. Osborne answered. "You're just in time for dessert, Bobby."

"Thanks, but I already ate."

Walt about choked, thinking about how Bobby had eaten him.

"Hey, Walt. How'd you like to go cruisin'? I caught dad off guard and he loaned me the car."

"Sure," Walt said. He couldn't resist his mom's cherry pie and willed down a slice.

"You boys be careful," Walt's mother admonished as they left.

Walt got into the car with Bobby. "They think we're going to cruise chicks," Bobby said. "Fat fucking chance."

"Where to?"

"How about the drive-in in Redwood City? The old passion pit, huh?" Bobby reached behind the seat and took out a couple cans of beer. Walt popped the tabs and handed a beer to Bobby. He couldn't get over the idea of what a hot stud the boy next door had grown up to be.

"If my folks knew about us, they'd shit bricks," Bobby snickered.

Walt looked at the billboards along the Bayshore Freeway. He gulped the beer. "I was thinking about telling them I was gay."

"Are you crazy?"

"I thought that was the honest thing to do. That was before I saw you again."

"Why lay a trip like that on them?" "Maybe you're right." "What would you say? Let's get one thing straight -- I'm not."

Walt smiled.

"Man, my folks treat me like a man now that I'm in the Navy. Why should I mess up their heads and tell them that they have two daughters -- Carol and me?"

"Carol might pick up on this quick."

"She gets plenty of cock, that whore. I think it's kinky that I've got her old high school flame."

"Who says you've got me?"

"I do, buster. And I'm not about to let go. Lots of lost time to make up for." Bobby squeezed Walt's leg.

"What movie do you want to see?" "Who cares? We won't be watching much of it. I've got a whole case of beer. And a full load of cum in my nuts."

Walt like the way Bobby talked.

Inside the drive-in, they parked in an isolated spot off to the side of the front so close that even Magoo could have seen the screen.

Bobby opened up two more cans of beer. It was dark already and a movie flashed on the outdoor screen.

"I can't get over what a sexy sailor you are."

Bobby unbuttoned the fly to his jeans and took out his prick. "Talk's cheap. How about giving me some head?"

Walt swooped down on the sailor's fucker. Bobby's crotch smelled soapy clean. Walt lapped at the pulsing prickhead while he fingered the sailor's hard nuts in their ballsac.

"Ah, yeah. Take my dick in your mouth and suck it all the way down to my balls."

Walt's lips encircled the sailor's throbbing prick. He moved up and down on the prickhead and then took the shaft all the way down to the balls.

"Ummmm. Oh, yeah, shit, that feels so fine." Bobby moaned and ran his fingers through Walt's hair.

Walt's cock raged in his Levi's while he mouth-fucked the gorgeous blond swabby.

"Fuck, I'm going to shoot already. Take it, Walt. Take my cum in your mouth."

Walt increased the pressure on the rock-hard cock in his mouth. He sucked faster and faster.

Bobby grunted and his cock gushed gobs of loin hot cum into Walt's mouth.

Walt gagged, but he managed to take the big load. He took his mouth off the hard cock.

Before Bobby could say anything, Walt placed his lips over the sailor's mouth and dripped Bobby's cum into it.

Bobby swallowed reluctantly. "That's gross, Walt. You're a real pervert.

You don't have to recycle cuni."

"Your cum's so sweet and delicious, I thought you'd like to taste it."

"Where did you learn to eat your own cum? From sucking yourself off?"

"I wish I could."

"Dogs and cats can do that." Bobby opened some more beer.

"You've got a lot to learn about gay sex. There's more to it than you think. What did that Stanford fag do to you?"

"He just sucked my dick. He rimmed me and tried to fuck me, but it hurt too much. So I fucked him in the shitter. I don't want to talk about that slob with the flabby buns."

"I want to fuck you." "If there's any fucking to be done, I'll do it."

"How am I supposed to get off?" "Use your hand." Bobby grinned. "You're a real romantic." Walt took the funny cigarette out of his pack and fired the joint.

"All right!" Bobby said.

"I found it in my stuff." Walt took a hit. "Don't bogart it."

"Why not? You won't let me fuck you." Bobby took the weed out of the student's hand. He inhaled the smoke deeply. "Strong shit."

Bobby took another toke and passed the joint to the student.

Walt sucked in some more smoke. "Yeah, that's good shit. I feel stoned already."

"I feel horny as hell."

"Man, my mouth feels like it's full of cotton or I'd blow you."

"You sailors are cocksuckers. Marines are the real studs. They know how to fuck and get fucked."

"How do you know about sailors?" "I've been out longer than you. I've kissed so many sailors that my lips move in and out with the tide. You're just a rookie faggot."

"I ain't no faggot."

"Come off it. At least be honest with yourself. If you are a man who digs other men, you're a fag."

"I don't dig other men. I dig you, Walt." Bobby tossed the roach out the window.

"Then you're a faggot, Walt freak."

"Yeah, maybe you're right. But I'm no sissy. I got meat between my legs and I can fight."

"I'd rather fuck than fight."

"Go fuck yourself," Bobby guffawed. "Let's get in the back seat where there's more room to make out."

They both tumbled over the seats. Walt put his arms around the sailor. He kissed the blond stud and pushed his tongue between the sailor's lips and explored the sailor's mouth. At the same time, he unbuttoned Bobby's jeans and slid them down over his smooth milky white asscheeks.

He knelt down on the floor of the car and managed to get Bobby to lie down on the back seat on his stomach.

Walt ran his tongue in the valley between Bobby's asscheeks. He loved the tangy taste of the pucker, because the asshole was Bobby's.

"Ohhhhh, yeah. I want to be fucked. I want you to fuck me, Walt."

Bobby reached into his pocket and produced a tube of Vaseline.

"And you call Carol a slut." Walt smirked.

"I was going to use it on your ass," Bobby explained.

Walt watched while Bobby lubed his asshole and then smeared goo on Walt's throbbing prick.

"On your tummy, baby."

"No. I want to sit on your dick so I can look at you and kiss you while you screw me. I'm not a dog."

That was even better, Walt figured, because he could get his cock all the way inside Bobby. And that was what he wanted more than anything else in this world, to fuck butch blond Bobby Baldwin's ass.

Bobby straddled Walt's legs while the student sat on the seat. He grabbed the student's randy cock and guided the hard prick right up his asshole.

Walt moaned as his prick sank into the hottest, tightest asshole he had ever felt, the asshole of Bobby Baldwin.

They were both panting so heavily that their breathing had fogged the windows, and nobody could see inside if they wanted to.

Bobby lifted himself up and down on Walt's cock. Walt sat still and let his stud do all the humping.

Bobby pushed his tongue inside Walt's mouth. He sucked on Walt's tongue while he gyrated his hips, bouncing up and down on Walt's cock.

Walt was aroused by the fiery tongue in his mouth and by the fiery asshole clamped around his prick. He listened to Bobby's panting as he humped. He listened to the slurpy sound of his cock fucking in and out of the sailor's hot tight fuckhole.

Bobby grunted, and a wad of sticky turn stewed out of his cock onto Walt's belly. His asshole spasmed on Walt's prick.

Walt's steely hard cock blasted gobs of molten cum into the sailor's ash guts. It was the most powerful orgasm Walt had ever experienced.

That must be what they mean, he thought, by an earth-shaking climax.

Walt kissed his sailor until his spent prick slurped out of Bobby's hot fuckhole.

To his surprise, Walt Watched the sailor kneel between his legs. Bobby lapped the sticky goo of his own wad off Walt's stomach. And Bobby cleaned off the shit and cum stains on Walt's flaccid cock.

"Get on your stomach, faggot," Bobby said.

Walt obeyed.

Bobby squirted some Vaseline out of the tube. He lubed his cock and Walt's ass.

Walt moaned as the sailor's stiff prick inched into his asshole.

Bobby fucked his cock in and out of the student's ass, and his balls slapped wildly against the student's asscheeks.

"Oh, Bobby. Fuck me, sailor. Rack me rough. Don't stop fucking me until you fill my ass with cum."

Bobby fucked with long strokes in and out of the student's ass. Walt felt the sweat drip off the sailor's body. He felt the giant cock that belonged to the sailor he loved grind relentlessly in and out of his asshole for what seemed like forever.

Walt wiggled his ass, thrusting his asshole back at the invading cock. He felt the cock fuck faster and faster with piston-like action.

Bobby gasped for air and said, "Oh, Walt, I love your ass. I love fucking your hot butt."

Walt moaned as the rock-hard prick jettisoned its load of cum into his guts. His ass muscles clamped around the sailor's cock and milked the fucker until Bobby's balls were dry.

"Clean the shit and cum off my cock, Walt."

"Okay. Get on your back," Walt said.

"Man, I never knew sex could be so Goddamn good."

"You ain't seen nothing yet."

"Shut up and clean off my cock with your tongue."

Walt complied. He grabbed the slimy fucker and tasted the tangy goo that coated his sailor's prick.

Walt straddled the sailor's stomach.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

Walt grinned, pinning down the sailor's arms. First there was just a drop of golden fluid, then a stream of piss hit the sailor's body.

"Hey, you stupid motherfucker. Don't you dare piss on me."

"I'm sorry, I can't help it."

"You'll be a lot sorrier if you don't let me up, asshole. Is that what they teach you in college, to fuck somebody, then piss on them?"

Walt's steamy piss splashed all over the sailor's torso.

"You're a real pervert, Osborne. I liked you a lot, even thought I might be in love with you, but all you want to do is gross me out by pissing on me."

"Why don't you enjoy the golden shower? Drink my piss, sailor."

"No fucking way, shithead. Let me up before I beat the shit but of you."

"Think you're man enough?"

"I'm in a lot better shape than you are, asshole."

"Hey Bobby, don't freak out on me. I really dig you. I'd drink your piss and love every drop."

"You probably would, piss pot. Man, you're ruining our friendship."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't help it."

Bobby managed to get up.

"I don't know if it was the beer and the grass or what." Bobby grabbed Walt by the hair and slapped his face. "Nobody but nobody is going to piss on me and get away with it."

"Hey, I just got carded away. You can slap me again if it makes you feel like a man."

"I would hit you, but I won't because you like it. How am I going to explain to my old man that his car smells like piss?"

"It'll air out. Just splash some vinegar on the seat."

"I should make you lick up your own piss, but you'd probably like that too. You're lucky if I give you a ride home."

Walt got out of the car. "I love you, you stupid bastard. I want to be your slave. I'd do anything for you. But you've got too many hang-ups."

Bobby leaped out of the car after Walt and grabbed him by the arm. "Get back in the car before I kick your ass."

Walt got back in the car.

Bobby opened two cans of beer and handed one to Walt. "You're a skunk. A disgusting shithead. But I care too much about you to let you get away from me."

"A little S&M -- a little golden shower, even -- spices up any romance."

"There's a lot I don't know about gay sex. I'm only a stupid swab, but I know you're my idol, Walt. And I've never felt like this before in my life. Getting it on with you is the best thing that's ever happened to me."

"Ah, you'll forget all about me. You'll beat the base. And I'll be in school."

"I'll have liberty, dummy. We can still have fun together." Bobby laughed. "If you'll remember that I'm not your toilet."

"You liked that. I could tell. You just can't admit it -- yet."

CHAPTER TEN

After the Easter spread and relatives that showed up, Walt just got to see Bobby for a moment before he took the bus back to San Francisco.

"You've got my address in the city?"

"Yeah, right."

"Hey, I forgot to ask what will you be doing at Moffett Field anyway?"

"I'm going to be a journalist for the base paper."

"Huh?"

"My tests showed I have literary aptitude. Beats me. Probably a shortage, that's how Uncle Sam does it. I figured to be a grease monkey."

"Well, I think that's terrific."

"What are you studying in college, besides sexy studs."

"English major. Probably teach."

"I figured you'd be a croaker or shyster." "Naw. There are still a few things I'd like to teach you."

"Promises, promises."

Walt held Bobby's hand a long time after he shook it.

On the bus ride back to San Francisco, Walt was excited and let down, the same way he usually felt after a term at school ended. But now he was excited about his hunky sailor and sad that the spring vacation passed so quickly.

He'd thought of Bobby so much as a hot body that he was surprised that the Navy assigned him to duty that required he use his brains. On the job training for Bobby to be a journalist. Of course the kid was bright, and Walt was glad that they had similar interests, an appreciation for the written word.

In San Francisco, Walt settled back into his study routine and work at the library. A few days later he got his first letter from Bobby.

Not at all what Walt expected. No how are you buddy crap. Walt read the neatly typed letter again:

Hi, Walt!

Just thinking of you makes me hot. I'd come up to see you, but you wouldn't get any studying done with me sucking around.

I had this dream about you where I just kept sucking you off. The sheets were all sticky when I woke up. Of course I woke up with a hardon and I jerked off thinking about you.

All I want is to be with you again. I don't give a shit about anything else. I'd go AWOL just to fuck your sweet ass again.

I report for duty at the base tomorrow. If it were possible, I'd marry you and give you an allotment. For now I have to live on the love I have for you.

It's all your fault, cocksucker. You made me this way by what you did to me. I'd go back to fish if you were like that Stanford fag.

If you chew the paper at the end of this letter, there's a surprise --

essence of BB. I love you, but you pee the bed.

Always,

Bobby

Walt was surprised at the letter. It was foolish for a sailor in the homophobic Navy to write such stuff. But he was glad that Bobby did. He chewed the spot at the end of the letter. It wasn't LSD but it was Bobby's cum which was a trip.

Walt wrote Bobby a letter that was suggestive but not explicit to Bobby's home. Nearly every day Walt got a hot letter from his sailor with essence of BB at the end.

One day when Walt got home from his library gig, there was his young blond sailor boy lying in his bed, with just his skivvy shorts on.

Walt couldn't believe it.

He shook Bobby. "How?"

Bobby raised his right hand. "How yourself, Injun."

"How'd you get inside?"

"I told the landlady that I was your brother. Where have you been?"

"I work in the library."

"I didn't know that."

"What are you doing in Frisco?"

"On assignment. The editor of the base paper told me to go to Frisco and write an article about Frisco as a liberty town for sailors. He has no idea..."

"What did you write about?" "Fruit bars and restaurants where horny sailors can meet gay cats to give them blowjobs. C'mon. I made some notes about San Francisco as a walking town, to see the sights -- Union Square, Chinatown, Fisherman's Wharf, the Golden Gate Bridge -- the tourist bit, focusing on the spectacular views and the fog at night. We used to visit the city a lot. My grandparents live here."

"I can't get over the idea that you're a journalist."

"I can't get over the idea that you're a queer."

"It takes one to know one," Walt said. He locked the door to his room, then dove onto the bed with the gorgeous sailor.

Bobby went right to the meat of things. He unbuttoned Walt's Levi's and took out the student's stiffening cock. His lips encircled the cockhead and the shaft.

Walt got into a sixty-nine position on the bed.

He freed the sailor's stiff cock by sliding down the skivvy shorts. He kissed the crimson cockhead. He tongued the pink, hairless balls. He put one of the hard balls into his mouth and then the other one, and he sucked on them while he jacked the sailor's prick.

Walt lifted the sailor's legs and dove between them. He chewed on the pulpy smooth ass mounds. He licked the hairless crack and his tongue darted past the rosebud of Bobby's asshole.

Bobby sucked faster and faster on Walt's cock while the student rimmed him.

"Oh shit. Fuck, I'm going to come already," Walt said. He continued eating out the tangy fuckhole.

Bobby's expert tongue rolled around the cockhead in his mouth, and the sailor deep-throated Walt's prickshaft, sucking furiously on the rock-hard cock.

Walt was beyond the point of no return; he tensed his thighs and grunted.

Buckets of scalding cum shot out of his prick and flooded the sailor's mouth.

Bobby swallowed several times, but the big load overflowed and dribbled out of the sides.

Walt sucked hard on the sailor's assring. He felt the asshole spasm. Gobs of hot jism spewed out of the sailor's cock and hit Walt's chest.

Bobby scooted around to face the student. He straddled Walt's stomach and rubbed the sailor's cum all over Walt's torso.

Walt reached down and jerked on the sailor's cock which was still hard.

"Fuck me, Bobby. Fuck my ass."

Bobby lifted the student's legs into the air until they rested on his shoulders. He spat on his palm and lubed his cock.

"Fuck me dry. Fuck me rough. Just fuck me, Bobby."

Bobby's prick probed at the assfucker and pushed inside. He fucked his engorged cock in all the way and waited a moment while Walt's hot tight asshole stretched around his cock.

Walt wrapped his legs around the sailor's hips so his prick wouldn't fall out.

Bobby deeply fucked the student's hot ass. "God, that feels so good.

Because it's your cock, Bobby. Fuck me, sailor. Fuck me hard!"

Bobby increased the fucking tempo, fucking his cock in and out of Walt's willing shitter.

Walt moved his ass around to meet the piledriving thrusts of the sailor's fucking prick.

"Ohhh, Walt. Your ass is so hot, so tight. It feels so good," Bobby moaned as he continued to fuck.

"It's your ass to fuck, sailor. Fuck it hard so it'll stay fucked."

Bobby fucked Walt's ass as hard as he could. His big hard balls banged against the student's asscheeks.

"Shoot, sailor. Shoot your jizz up my ass. Fill my ass with your hot cum."

Bobby fucked his prick in to the hilt. His cock throbbed and gushed a big wad of goo into Walt's asshole.

Walt reached down and squeezed the sailor's balls to get the last drop of boiling cum out of them.

Bobby, fell down on the student and kissed him on the lips, pushing his tongue inside Walt's mouth.

Walt felt the sailor's fiery cock pop out of his asshole. He felt the mixture of cum and ass juices drip out of his asshole.

Bobby moved up on the student's chest. He grabbed his glistening brown, cum-coated cock by the base and shoved his prick into Walt's mouth.

Walt licked the slimy prick, tasting the tangy shit from his own ass commingled with the sailor's cum.

Bobby held his own semihard prick and groaned. He let go with a spray of foamy piss all over Walt's face.

Walt winced when the piss hit him in the eyes. The golden fluid splashed all over his face. Walt opened his mouth and drank the acrid golden fluid that tasted good because it came from the blond God's cock. He swallowed as much of the pee as he could.

"Now we're even, piss pot."

Walt grinned and the pee dribbled down his chin. In a quick movement that caught the sailor off his guard, Walt got on top of Bobby.

"Think you're tough shit, huh?" Bobby grinned.

Walt was ready for his sailor. He didn't know when but he had figured he would get the swabby to his room someday. The someday that turned out to be now was all the better.

Walt reached into the drawer of the nightstand beside his bed.

He took out some pieces of nylon rope.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Bobby demanded.

"You'll see." Walt sat on the sailor's chest and swiftly tied Bobby's arms to the bedposts.

"Stop that, you dumb fuck," Bobby told the student.

Walt scooted down and quickly tied the sailor's legs to the bedposts.

"Honest to God," Bobby moaned. "Have you flipped out?"

"I tied you up so fast, I could have won in a rodeo." Walt admired his work.

"I can get out of this bondage, creepo." "Go ahead and try, slave shit sailor."

"What did you say?" Bobby struggled, but the bonds were too tight.

"You're my slave now." "You're full of shit."

"Maybe. Me to know and you to find out." "C'mon, motherfucker. Stop this cowboy crap and let me loose."

"Over my dead body, swabby scumbag."

"I should have known. You're a real pervert, Osborne."

"You should talk after just pissing on me."

"I was just paying you back."

"I have plans for you, doll tits." Walt roughly squeezed the sailor's nipples, which instantly hardened.

"Ouch! That hurt, you asshole." "Call me your family names, will you?"

Walt reached down and got one of the sailor's socks and shoved the smelly thing into Bobby's mouth.

A look of terror came into the sailor's eyes. That was what Walt wanted, to dominate this sailor tonight, to do anything he wanted with Bobby. He pinched those brown nipples again.

Bobby made a muffled cry and spat the sock out of his mouth. "When I get loose, I'll skin your ass, motherfucker."

"You must have had a dinge lover in basic, maybe a black chiefie, the way you jive talk. Mutha-fucka, indeed."

"You're an evil bastard, Osborne. How could I ever fall for a piece of shit like you?"

"Water seeks its own level. You got what you deserved, Baldwin."

"No one deserves scum like you. I'll scream for help."

"How butch. Shit like you are supposed to defend our country. Go ahead and scream. The old lady lives at the rear of the house and she's hard of hearing. There's no one else home. Just you and me, swabby. But if you get too loud, I'll just gag you."

"This has gone far enough. I'm losing all respect for you."

"Very good. Maybe there's a chance for us yet."

"No way. I'm not going to get involved with a weirdo like you."

"You love me, remember? Besides, I have some juicy little letters signed by you. They'd look nice under your name in the base paper. Probably bring out a lot of closet cases."

"I trusted you, Osborne. Don't blackmail me."

"You keep jiving. Now it's black male. You really want a spade to bugger you. Maybe I can fix you up with this hot black stud who works in the

library."

"You're a psycho."

"Enough of your chatter. Now it's time to play degrade the sailor."

"Better untie me before I get mad and do something I'll regret."

"Ho-hum. You're really tedious with your threats, considering you're all tied up." "I don't believe you, man. I was stupid to fall for a scumbucket like you."

"Thanks for the compliment." "You're nuts."

Walt sat on the sailor's chest. He lifted up. Slowly a steamy turd eased, out of his ass.

"Aw, shit. Gross, really gross! How can you just shit on another person?"

"You're not a person, slave. Just a fruit sailor."

"Get off me! I hate your guts. Shit on me. I could kill you for that."

Walt jumped off the struggling sailor. He took the shit and smeared the smelly stuff all over the sailor's chest.

Tears filled Bobby's eyes. "How could you do that to me? Why?"

"That's how you degrade a sailor." "I don't understand you. You're cruel, vicious, rotten to the core."

"That's true. But you love me."

Bobby shook his head. "Not after what you did to me. I've heard of some gross things before. But smearing stinky stilt on another person is the lowest."

"That's how you train a slave. Besides, you rimmed my ass, you made me eat the shit stains off your cock."

"That's sex, that's different."

"Shit's shit."

"Oh man, I can't handle that scene. Its over between us."

"If I let you loose, will you freak out?"

"No. But if I wasn't tied up you wouldn't have done that to me."

"But you were tied up, Bobby."

"Let me loose. I just want to get as far away from you as I can."

Walt unbound the sailor. "I just did to you what I wanted you to do to me
-- but you're not man enough."

Bobby went to the sink. He wet a towel, soaped it and cleaned off his chest.
He put on his uniform.

"I really dig you, man. That's why I did what I did," Walt said.

"Well, I hate your fucking guts, Osborne. Don't ever speak to me again."

And Bobby left.

Walt rested on the sheets which were soaked with piss -- Bobby's piss --

and he stroked his prick. Maybe he had gone too far with Bobby. Maybe he
would lose Bobby forever.

He knew that he really loved the stud sailor now, but there was nothing else
he could have done.

The cum churned in his balls and shot out of his cock. He drifted off to
sleep, wallowing in the piss-wet sheets, thinking about the sailor that he
loved, the sailor whom he wanted to be his master.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Walt completed the semester at school. He spent the time studying and working his gig in the library. He didn't go cruising at all, taking a break from sex after the split with Bobby.

Back at home for the summer, Walt lucked out with a job stacking shelves in the supermarket in a shopping mall.

One afternoon when he came home he saw Bobby washing the family car in the driveway.

"What's happening?" Walt tried to sound casual.

Bobby stared at him for a moment, but didn't answer, just kept soaping the car.

Walt was still awed by the blond beauty. He'd like to be soaping up Bobby's body, especially the crotch area.

"How are you doing?" Walt asked. "Just fine without you," Bobby snapped.

"Well, it's nice to see you again." "Wish I could say the same." "Hey, I'm sorry about..." Bobby hosed the suds off the green Ford sedan.

"Yeah, you're sorry all right. Osborne, you're a skunk. I shouldn't even talk to you after what you did."

"Tell me how I can make it up to you." "Just keep the fuck away from me."

"If that's what you really want..." Walt bit his lip. He turned and started to walk away.

"Hey, Osborne."

Walt turned around, and a spray of water splashed him right in the face.

Bobby completely doused him with the hose.

"Cute, Baldwin. Real cute." "Even skunks need baths," Bobby grinned.

"Look at me, I'm soaked." "You won't melt."

"I ought to slug you."

"You're not man enough."

"Don't tempt me, seafood."

"Want to get a case of beer and go for a dip in the creek?"

"I'd like to dip you in the creek." "All talk and no action, Osborne."

"I'm particular about who I drink with." "I'm buying."

"Oh, that's very different."

"Go dry off and let's roll before the sun sets."

Walt smiled. He ran into the house and changed clothes. He put on his Levi cutoffs and a shirt which he left unbuttoned.

Bobby was sitting in the car waiting. They drove to the creek.

"I hope you're not still mad at me."

"Naw," Bobby said. "What was it that Black Dick Shaft said, that there's shit everywhere, and you just try not to step in it. But when someone rubs it onto you, that's over the line."

"That's scat."

"I really don't care about your S&M trip, Osborne."

"I'm sorry. I thought about you a lot." That was the understatement of the year. Walt not only thought about Bobby, even though he tried not to, but he

whacked off when he did.

"Quit apologizing. That doesn't change anything."

Walt didn't know what to think. Finally he asked, "How's the Navy, the journalism job?"

"I won't win any prizes. But I sort of like it, seeing my work in the paper."

"They have to use something to wrap fish in," Walt grinned.

"So funny I forgot to laugh."

They went to a deserted part of the creek.

"Want to take a swim?" Bobby asked.

Walt shook his head. "Why don't you break out the beer?"

"Good idea." Bobby reached in the void pack behind the seat and took out two can of Bud.

"Drinking beer is political now," Walt said. "Gays boycott Coors because the owner supports the Moral Minority. Blacks boycott Bud because they take a lot and give nothing to the community."

"That's boring. For a college man you're not very intellectual."

"For a sailor you're not very salty. You don't even have a ship."

"My ship will come in someday."

"When it does, you'll probabty be at the airport."

"Is that college humor?"

Walt sipped the beer. "Why are you fit, flu, suiting, are you still trying to punish me?" "You deserved it. Since you don't want to swim, maybe we could play a game." "What game?"

"How about separating the men from the boys? All you need is a crowbar."

"Did you hear that cheap joke in the Navy?"

"Yup. How about walking the dog?" "What dog?" Walt asked. "Get out of the car." Bobby got a small bag put of the trunk. Walt got out of the car, not knowing what to expect. He watched as Bobby took out a studded dog collar and leash. Bobby put the collar around Walt's neck.

"What the fuck are you doing?" "Since you're a dog, I think you should be treated like one. Get down on all fours."

Bobby jerked on the leash. He slapped Walt across the ass.

"Ouch! That hurt."

"Then obey your master or you'll really get it."

"I'm nobody's dog," Walt said. "This has gone far enough."

He tried to unbuckle the collar.

Bobby slapped him hard across the face.

Tears welled in Walt's eyes.

"You're not housebroken, because you shit on me. Let's walk and you can pee on that tree over there."

"I won't act like a dog for you, Baldwin." Bobby pulled Walt's hair.

"Obey or be punished."

"I thought we were just going to drink beer and talk."

Bobby slapped Walt on the head, "Now start walking," Bobby commanded.

Walt ambled on all fours. "This is humiliating and degrading."

"You're a dog, what do you expect?" "I'm not a dog, I'm a person." Bobby jerked the leash hard. "You're my dog. Roll over, Fido."

Walt refused. A swift kick in the ass sent him sprawling on the ground.

"Don't hurt me anymore, Bobby." "It's sir." Bobby yanked Walt up on his feet. He took some rope out of the bag he carried, and he tied Walt up to a tree.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Shut up, slave shit. I've had plenty of time to think about what you did to me and to think about how to get even with you!"

"Let me go, Bobby -- uh, sir. I'll give you my watch and all the money in my wallet. Untie me."

"I've decided to make you my slave."

"I'm no one's slave."

"You have no choice. You started this shit with me and you're not going to get away this time. I've read some fuck books about how to treat slave shit like you."

Walt had no idea just how far Bobby would go. What he'd done to the sailor on his visit to Frisco had been just to have a little S&M fun at Bobby's expense.

Now Bobby seemed bent on revenge and on treating Walt like a slave. He had to get loose and get away from the crazed sailor. Walt didn't understand why his prick was getting so hard.

"Since you're my slave, I'll have to brand you."

"Don't do anything crazy, Bobby."

Bobby opened his bag. "I thought I might carve my initials on your arm with a knife. But I'd rather put this ring in your tit." Bobby dangled a small

gold ring.

"You mean pierce my nipple?" "Yeah, you got the idea."

"No, don't. You could seriously hurt me."

"Stop sniveling. I know what I'm doing. I've accumulated lots of goodies and toys for your ass. Yup, I think you'll make a nice slave, Osborne."

"I won't be anybody's slave."

Bobby took out a needle. He held the point of the needle over a match flame. "Oh, no. That's not safe."

"You won't die. How can I put the ring in your nipple without piercing it?"

"I don't want a tit ring."

"You have no choice, Osborne. Unless you don't want to be my slave. If you're a good slave, the master might fuck you sometimes."

"Yeah, that's what I really want is to be your slave, Bobby -- sir. Oh yeah, do it. Pierce my nipple and put the ring in it. I'm your slave. Do with me whatever you want."

"That's more like it." Bobby held Walt's left nipple and stuck it with the needle.

"Yowee!" Walt scream pierced the air.

A couple drops of blood dripped out. Bobby cleaned the puncture and deftly inserted the small gold ring in the left nipple.

"It's beautiful. I love it," Walt said.

Bobby knelt down on the ground. He unbuttoned the fly on Walt's cutoffs and extracted the student's hard, throbbing prick. His lips engulfed the spongy cockhead and the prickshaft.

Walt was so aroused from the nipple piercing and from just looking at the blond God whom he loved that the hot cum gushed out of his cock. He watched his master swallow the entire load.

Bobby unbound his slave. He jerked on the dog collar.

Walt winced and got down on all fours. Bobby slid the cutoffs down off Walt's ass. "Fuck me, master. I want to feel that big cock up my ass again. It's been so long. I need it. I need to get fucked."

Bobby slapped his slave's ass, spanking him until his asscheeks were red.

Walt sobbed.

Bobby pulled his slave's hair until tears streamed down Walt's cheeks.

Bobby stood in front of Walt's face. "Suck my cock and get it hard."

Walt's tongue swabbed his master's rosy cockhead. He sucked the pulpy prick into his mouth, and the prick expanded like a balloon to its proud eight inches.

Bobby took his cock out of his slave's mouth. He jerked on the leash and pulled the slave around. With his boot he gently pushed Walt's head to the ground.

Walt's sore red ass protruded into the air. Bobby knelt down and licked the ass that he had spanked.

Walt moaned. "Ohhh, lick my ass. Tongue my crack."

Bobby's tongue darted into the pucker. He coated the assring with saliva and sucked.

"Fuck me, sir. Please fuck my ass."

Bobby parted the asscheeks with one hand.

His other hand gripped the base of his cock and fed the pulsing cock into the slave's hungry fuckhole.

Bobby reached underneath and pinched the slave's right tit hard while he gently strokes the sensitive pierced tit with the gold ring in it.

Walt undulated his hips. "So good, it feels so good to have your bigcock in me, master."

Bobby held on to his slave's thighs and fucked his prick in and out of the tight fuckhole.

"More, more, sir. Fuck me faster! Harder, sir!"

Bobby rammed his prick all the way inside the hot moist fuckhole that he had just rimmed. He pulled his prick almost all the way out, then fucked his cock in again.

"Oh God, that feels so good. So good because it's your cook, master."

Walt shoved his ass back at the invading fuckmeat.

Bobby increased the fucking tempo, taking shorter strokes now as his prick became steely hard.

"Come up my ass, sir! Fill my ass with your hot load."

Bobby grunted and gobs of hot cum blasted into the slave's ass.

Walt's asshole spasmed as another load of his own cum spurted out of his piss slit. His elastic assring clamped hard around Bobby's fucker until Bobby's cock softened and plopped out of Walt's ass.

"Is my slave happy?" Bobby yanked on the leash.

"Oh yes, sir."

Bobby held his soft prick and let go with a spray of foamy piss that splattered all over his slave's back and dripped into Walt's asscrack.

"Let me drink your piss, master."

Bobby stood around in front of his slave. Walt opened his mouth and swallowed from the cock that splashed golden piss into his mouth.

"Tell me that you like to drink your master's piss."

"Oh yes, sir. I love to drink your piss." Bobby yanked on the leash.

"Clean off my cock."

Walt's tongue lapped the piss stains off his master's prick. He tasted the traces of cum and ass juices that coated the broad cockhead.

Bobby turned around. "Now clean out my asshole."

Walt's tongue darted along the hairless asscrack. He tasted the sailor's tangy shitter.

Bobby grunted and a small turd fell out of his ass.

Walt opened his mouth and swallowed the dropping that tasted like peanut butter. And he licked clean his master's bung hole.

"Tell me that you like your master's shit."

"Yes, sir. I like your shit because it comes from my master."

Bobby grabbed a fistful of Walt's hair. "You're really something, Osborne. You not only want my cum in your mouth and ass, but you like to taste my body wastes."

"I love you, sir."

Bobby pulled his slave's hair so hard that tears rolled down Walt's cheeks. He bent down and kissed away the salty tears.

"Go fetch us a beer."

Walt went to the car and returned with two cans of beer.

Bobby sat down on a rock by the creek and held the leash attached to the collar around his nude slave's neck.

Walt looked at the clear water ripple over rocks in the creek. He listened to the wind howl in the trees.

They drank beer and sat in silence.

Walt couldn't believe how happy he was with the gold ring in his left nipple, a gift from his master.

Shadows lengthened and it grew dark.

"Do you love me, sir?"

"What do you think?"

"I want to hear the words. Tell me how you love me..."

Bobby gulped the rest of his beer. "I love you like a dog. Now get us another beer. And cut the mush before I puke and make you eat it."

"Yes, sir," Walt said.

Bobby took off the collar and leash. "Put on your clothes before you catch cold. I don't want to have to take you to the vet."

Walt went to the car, dressed and brought back two cans of beer. "What's going to happen to us?"

"What do you mean?"

"I want to be with you all the time. I'm a sailor, government property.

I was thinking maybe we could rent a place together for the summer.

"Do you really mean it?"

"Sure. When I have duty I can leave you tied up or put you in a kennel."

Walt smiled. "I don't care about anything except being with you."

Bobby grinned. "Wasn't it Harry Truman who said that if you want a friend in life, get a dog?"

"I don't think this is what he had in mind."

CHAPTER TWELVE

Walt found a small cottage for rent that was behind a big house. The ad was posted on the bulletin board at the supermarket where he worked for the summer.

It was ideal, Bobby agreed, when he saw the cottage. He was allowed extra money for living off base, and the rent was cheap.

They didn't get married unless one considered the cock ring that Bobby gave his lover to symbolize their union.

From Walt's viewpoint, the honeymoon of sorts was bliss. He was content to be treated like a dog. In fact, Bobby often fed his slave from a dog dish in the corner of the tiny kitchen.

Bobby wasn't beyond tying up his dog named Walt to the bedpost and leaving him there for long periods of time.

One day Bobby came home from the base and found that his slave didn't have dinner ready.

Walt arrived home quite late, trying to explain that he had had to work overtime and couldn't get to a phone to call.

"I think you've been fucking around with one of those twinkie stock boys."

"No, sir. I swear."

"I had to eat at Jackoff-in-the-Box. That ain't exactly gourmet."

"Why don't you eat at the base?" "Because I don't care for seafood." Walt guffawed.

"Not funny, slave. Shit."

"What are you going to do to me now?" Walt's prick stirred in his Levi's.

"You need to be punished for coming home so late."

"Yes, sir. I deserve to be punished." "Maybe I'll spank your ass."

"Yes, sir," Walt said.

Walt was drooling at the mouth, thinking that after the master had whipped his slave ass, Bobby would fuck him.

Bobby grabbed his slave by the hair. "Get down on your knees."

Walt got down on all fours.

Bobby dragged his slave by his head of hair to the bed. He tore off Walt's shirt and Levi's. He tugged at the gold nipple ring.

Walt moaned and his cock stiffened. "Why aren't you wearing shorts?" "I forgot to do the laundry, sir. Besides..." Bobby slapped his slave across the face. "I've been bad. Punish me, master," Bobby was mesmerized by the plastic ring around his lover's cock. He had ordered Walt to stop wearing jockey shorts so the outline of his prick engorged by the cock ring would be more visible.

"I was going to do the laundry, but I had to work overtime. The truth, I swear..."

"No meal on the table. No clean clothes. This place is a mess with cigarette butts and empty beer cans everywhere. Maybe I'll sell you to some old queen who'll really treat you like the shit you are. I've been too easy on you."

"Please, master, don't be angry with me I'll make it up to you."

"It's too late now," Bobby said. "You need to be taught a lesson. Maybe I'll take you to a glory hole and make you suck off some ugly cocks, give any dog some dirty bones to chew."

"No, master, I don't want anyone's cock but yours in my mouth. Let me suck your cock."

"I still think you're fucking around with those twinkie kids at the market."
"No way, sir."

Bobby took some strips of nylon rope and bound his slave to the bedposts.

"Punish me, sir. Make me obey your every wish. I'll drink your piss, eat your shit and cum -- anything to please you."

"You're too hairy for me," Bobby said.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't like all that fuzz between your tits and that patch that runs from your belly to your crotch."

"That's the way am. I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, I intend to change that."

"How?"

Bobby went to the sink and soaked a towel. He returned with shaving cream and a razor.

"What are you going to do?"

Bobby slapped his slave's stiff cock and the prick shaft softened. "I might cut off your balls, geld you so you behave."

A look of terror came into Walt's eyes. "Untie me before you flip out. I dig on pain, but not to the extent that I'll let you slash the family jewels."

Bobby spat in the slave's face. "I can do whatever I want to you. You re in no position to argue."

"I could get loose if I really wanted to, Bobby."

"I doubt it. If you ever even try, I'll kick your ass. Get the idea?"

You're just a slave turd, an animal that's here just for my pleasure."

Walt sobbed. "I'll run away from you, Baldwin. You will never see me again. You're too vicious, too cruel. Light S&M to spice up a relationship is one thing, but you want blood, you want to really hurt me. If you thought you could get away with it, you'd probably try to mutilate my body."

Bobby stuffed both of Walt's dirty socks into his mouth. "You're pathetic. I'm tired of listening to you bawl just because the world doesn't revolve around, you. The sooner you get your empty head straight that I'm the master and you're the slave, then maybe we'll get along."

Walt made muffled cries of protest. He watched as Bobby rubbed the wet, towel all over the student's torso.

Bobby sprayed lime foamy shave cream out of the can and lathered Walt's body.

Walt managed to spit out the gag. "No, Bobby. Don't shave my body."

Bobby didn't answer. He just started scraping the razor across his stud's body.

Walt couldn't believe what an incredible turn on it was to feel the razor shave his chest, below his belly and his pubic bush. His prick became rock hard. He thought the plastic cock ring would bust.

Bobby wiped the foam and hair off Walt's smooth body. "Now my dog's one of the hairless kind."

"Oh God, I'm so hot. Do me, sir."

Bobby gripped Walt's dick by the base, wrapped his hand around the cock ring. He tongued on the ballsac. He took one ball then the other into his mouth and rolled them around, sucking them hard.

Walt couldn't control himself. His wad of creamy cum just gushed out of his piss slit. The strands of goo dripped onto Bobby's hand.

Bobby poked his cum-covered fingers into Walt's mouth and made him lick off his own cum. Bobby's tongue cleaned the rest of the sticky cum off Walt's cockhead and shaft.

"Jesus, what a rush. The cum just shot out of my cock when you sucked on my balls. Oh wow, my cock looks so naked like a young boy's."

Bobby unbound his stud's legs. "Untie my arms, sir."

"I like you this way, better to fuck." "Oh yeah, I want to be fucked."

Shove your big cock up my ass, sailor. Pump your cum up my ass."

Bobby moved up on Walt's chest. He tugged on the tit ring. "Suck my cock and get it hard."

Walt's lips encircled the hunk of fuck meat. Despite the residue of the lime scented cream that covered his body, he could smell the musky crotch of the sailor that he loved.

Bobby held Walt's head and as the sailor's cock stiffened he shoved it in and out of Walt's mouth.

Walt responded by sucking on the sailor's thick tongue. He loved the tickling sensation of the sailor's big hard cock pressing hot like a poker against his sensitive shaved skin.

The sailor pinched Walt's right nipple while he tugged on the ring in Walt's left nipple.

"Oh Bobby, I'm so hot for your cock. Fuck my ass."

Bobby tongued a trail of saliva down the shaven torso. He rimmed the bellybutton and continued south to the crotch. He licked on the smooth mound that he'd shaved. He spread Walt's legs and licked down the perineum to the asscrack. He lapped the valley between the globes, stuck his tongue into the rosebud. He darted his tongue in and out of Walt's pucker.

"Ohhhh, that feels so good. Rim my ass, sailor."

Bobby sucked on the wring. He ran his tongue back up the perineum. He kissed Walt's balls and his cockhead.

Bobby crouched between Walt's legs and lifted the student's legs higher until his ankles rested on Bobby's shoulders.

"Yeah, fuck me now. Fuck me rough. No bug juice, just shove your big cock up my ass."

Bobby's prickhead pushed past the sphincter into Walt's fiery and moist fuckhole. He shoved in deep and pulled almost all the way out, then plunged in again.

Walt rotated his ass and fucked back at the sailor's big cock. "Harder, Bobby. Fuck me harder."

Bobby relentlessly fucked his cock in and out of the student's snug fuckhole. He gripped Walt's asscheeks as his cock fucked in and out of the student's ass.

"Come, Bobby. Shoot your load up my ass. Fill my butt with your jizz!"

Bobby shortened his strokes and fucked faster and faster into the tight asshole till Walt felt the sailor's cock become hard as concrete. Then Bobby's prick exploded bolts of molten cum into his guts. Walt saw fireworks on the back of his eyelids as the cuni spewed inside him.

Bobby lifted the ankles off his shoulders and tested on Walt's body.

Walt listened to the heavy breathing of his lover. He felt the sweat drip off Bobby's body.

Bobby reached between them and rubbed his stiff cum-coated cock together with Walt's fucker. He had fucked his lover into another hard-on. Bobby unbound his lover's arms.

Walt wrapped his arms around his sailor. In a swift movement, he rolled Bobby over onto his stomach.

"What the..."

Walt lay on the sailor's back. He took off his cock ring, and guided his stiff cock right up into Bobby's ass.

"It's too..."

Walt didn't stop. He fucked his prick right past Bobby's protesting assring.

"Easy. Gentle, man."

Walt lay still a moment with his cock plugged up the sailor's ass. He waited a moment while the sailor's ass canal adjusted to the stiff cock that had penetrated his assring.

Walt's hands gripped the swabby's muscular biceps. He tongued Bobby's neck and bit it, giving the sailor a hickey.

"DO IT, slave, fuck your master's ass." Walt fucked his prick in and out of the sailor's tight ass. His balls slapped against the sailor's asscheeks as he increased the fucking rhythm.

"Shoot your wad up your master's butt." Bobby panted hard as the student's cock fucked into his ass.

Sweat dripped off Walt's brow, and he grunted. Gobs of hot cum blasted out of his prick and spewed into the sailor's ass guts.

Bobby's ass muscles squeezed all the cum out of the student. And Walt's soft cock plopped out of the sailor's butt.

"Oh man, I got so horny after you shaved me and fucked me. I couldn't help it. I just had to fuck you. I know a slave isn't supposed to revolt."

Bobby grinned. "You know what they do to slaves that revolt, they punish them."

"I deserve it, I know. Sir, I'm hungry." Bobby grabbed Walt's hair. He reached for the dog collar on the nightstand and buckled the studded strap around Walt's neck. He attached the leash and dragged Walt on all fours into the kitchen.

Bobby poured some cereal and milk into the dog dish. He slapped Walt's ass.

Walt ate up the cereal in the dish. "I'm still hungry."

Bobby yanked the leash and led Walt on all fours into the bathroom. "Get into the tub."

Walt did as he was told, thinking that Bobby was going to give him a bath.

Bobby stood at the edge of the tub. He held his cock and let go with a spray of steamy piss all over Walt's body; foamy pee splashed on Walt's shaved chest and crotch.

Walt opened his mouth and drank as much of the sailor's piss as he could.

Bobby jerked on the leash and pulled Walt by the hair up to the side of the tub. "Now eat your cum out of my ass."

Walt spread the sailor's asscheeks and tongued the crack, tongued into the fuckhole and sucked out all the cum he could that he'd shot up there.

Afterwards Bobby filled the bathtub with water and climbed in with Walt, sitting face to face. He took off the dog collar and tossed it on the floor.

"Oh, Bobby, I love you so much." He snuggled close to the sailor in the water and planted a kiss on Bobby's lips. "I don't want this summer to ever end. I can't bear the thought of leaving you."

"You don't have to. There's no law that says you can't commute to school."

"I never thought of that. What about my folks, what will they think?"

"Tell them that you joined the Navy and let them figure out the rest."

"Do your folks know?"

"Not yet. But my sister Carol does, and that means it's only a matter of time with blabbermouth around."

"What about the Navy?"

"If they find out, it ain't no big deal. If they discharged every fruit sailor, there'd be a shortage of manpower. Besides, I don't mess around on the base."

"All I know is that I love you," Walt said. "That's what really counts."

Now give me a bath -- and use your tongue."

THE END